

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER ONE

TOC: All this eastern coast of America is low and picturesque. In this country, covered by impenetrable forests two centuries ago, you have trouble finding a tree. As for the harbour and the city itself, well, picture to yourself an attractively varied shoreline, the slopes covered by lawns and trees in bloom right down to the water and more than all that, an unbelievable multitude of country houses, big as boxes of candy, but showing careful workmanship: add to this, if you can a sea covered with sails, and you will have the entrance to the city from the water. I have been much struck by how convenient these little houses must be, and by the attractive air they gave the countryside. Such was our first impression of the city of New York.

MUSIC: OPENING: PINKHAT'S SUGGESTING YANKEE DOODLE. DOWN TO BG FOR ANN.

ANN: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: The month of May, eighteen hundred and thirty one. The President: Old Hickory, General Andrew Jackson; the Mayor of New York City, Mr. Bowne. This is a big city: over two hundred thousand people live in it. Across the clear fresh water of the East River, we look at Brooklyn, New York's dairy, a countryside of breezy heights, and

pasture land and cows: and looking across the beach is Mr. Garrett, dealer in clams in an orange check waistcoat, tightfitting grey gaiters and a plug hat as tall and stately as a belfry with rips in the sides as if to let the noise of the bells out. Mr. Garrett, dealer in clams, is cleaning his morning's stock brought from Rockaway Beach during the night. He juicily squeezes his black plug of best Virginia between Virginia black teeth, and sings to himself.

GARRETT: Clams, choice clams, here's your Rockaway Beach clams fine sand clams.

NARR: But his mind is on the New York Consolidated Lottery

GARR: To be had in the greatest variety of lucky numbers of Arnold, 313 Broadway, opposite the Masonic Hall.

NARR: So he sits and counts clams and counts gulls and counts sailing ships going north and steamships going south, and anything else he can count in the high hope of a hunch for one of Mr. Arnold's lucky numbers.

GARR: First prize of twenty thousand dollars: twelve thousand one hundred and twenty prizes, twenty two thousand blanks.

NARR: Ten years ago the State Legislature had forbidden the famous old New York lotteries; but the proprietors are still finding loopholes to satisfy their customers who swarm through the bright May streets to produce the busiest community that any man could desire to live in.

SOUND: HORSE AND CART GOING AT A GOOD LICK: TAKE IT PAST DURING FOLLOWING LINES.

In the streets, all is hurry and bustle; the very carts, instead of being

drawn by horses at a walking pace, are often met at a gallop and always in a brisk trot, with the carter standing in front and driving by reins:

CARTER: Giddup up there, team; giddup, team! out of the way there, mister! One side, fellow!

NARRATOR: Omnibuses are numerous, many of them drawn by four horses. Hackney coaches are also abundant, and together with a few plain private carriages, make up a crowd of conveyances bucketing over the bad pavements, and racketting and tarryhooting through the New York streets with as much hubbub, hullabaloo, and general unmitigated uproar as the most optimistic man might expect in a city seven times the size.

NARR: The whole of the population in the streets seem to enjoy this bustle, and add to it by their own rapid pace, as if they were all going to some place of appointment; as indeed some of them are:

MAN: Where you off to, Jack?

JACK: Getting down to Courtlandt Street

MAN: (SLIGHTLY
FURTHER OFF) What you doing there?

JACK: Going to meet the packet. (CALLING OVER HIS SHOULDER)

MAN: (FURTHER
STILL) Which packet might that be?

JACK: Packet from Providence (CALLING STILL FURTHER) It's the steamship President!

NARR: Everybody appears to be in motion, and everything else. The carriages rattle through the streets; the carts dance as if they were running races with them; the ladies trip along in all the colours of the rainbow:

GIRL: Lord, Mabel, skip into that door right smart, or I declare that carriage

is going to splash our skirts

SOUND: CARRIAGE DASHES BY AS GIRLS SQUEAL

NARR: As for the gentlemen: they look as though they actually had something to do.

ENERGETIC: Now I tell you what it is (pardon me) I'm going to let you in on the ground floor of this development. I'm going to let you (excuse me) take an option in the purchase of some real first-rate (pardon me) Texas speculations. Basically, it's a granite quarry (pardon) which can be . . .

LADY: Watch where you're going.

ENERGETIC: Ma'am, I'm sorry.

LADY: So'm I.

ENERGETIC: Basically, like I say, the investment is a granite quarry that is financing an indiarubber company (all (excuse me) joint stock). And all enterprise; all pure enterprise. (excuse me) If you want to make money ... (BY NOW FADED INTO THE BACKGROUND)

NARR: Everybody is walking as if he were in a hurry, and the Governor of the State of New York himself, Mr. Throop, looks through his boarding house window, smiles to himself and observes:

THROOP: They all seem as if they were running away from an indictment.

NARR: And Governor Throop draws out a toothpick and continues to enjoy the May morning, and watches the hogs happily rooting around in the gutters, indulging in hearty repasts on offals of every description

SOUND: HOGS ROOTING

and this too in the midst of coaches, horses, and pedestrians.

DISGUSTED: All this stuff thrown from the houses into the streets. Reminds me of the time I was in Lisbon, Portugal.

TOLERANT: Oh?

DISGUSTED: Y'know what happened there.

TOLERANT: I guess I'm going to hear.

DISGUSTED: Cholera, that's what. That's what you're asking for, right here in New York City. I wouldn't give you more than a dog's chance.

TOLERANT: Experience, sir, has proven that the most efficacious and powerful method of keeping the streets of a town in a state of perfect and refined cleanliness is plenty of hogs. And if the hogs aren't doing the trick, then you haven't got enough of them.

MUSIC: A SUFFICIENCY OF HOGS

NARR: For in eighteen thirty one, New York City, with all its quarter of a million population, is very unequal in style and quality from one district to another. The great avenue of Broadway is striking from its continuous and unbroken length of three miles in a straight line: but its breadth, about eighty feet, is not sufficiently ample for the due proportion to its length. It is, moreover, wretchedly paved, both in the center and on the sides. Large holes and deep pits are frequently seen; and while before some houses the slabs of stone are large uniform and level, there is often an immediate transition from these to broken masses of loose stones, that require the greatest caution to pass over, especially in wet or frosty weather. And as for Third Avenue, and Eighth Avenue: these are no more than long muddy lanes, leading, respectively to the remote villages of Harlem and Manhattanville.

SOUND: THE MOCKING BIRD BEGINS TO SING

It is along such peaceful country lanes as these that New York's citizens stroll in the May morning when they wish to muse on the beauties of Nature: as, for example, in tight black broadcloth, and a high cravat, the editor of the New York Evening Post, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who has indeed gone so far as to commit some of his musings to the judgment of posterity:

BRYANT:

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream as it glides along
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forc'd to drudge for the dregs of man,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud:
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

MUSIC: A PASTORALE, WHICH SOON RETURNS US TO THE BUSTLE OF THE CITY.

NARR: But New York is now and always has been a port, a city of ships. The side wheel steamers, with their long flaring funnels, like postboys trumpets, lie side by side with the forested sailing ships whose long bowsprits hang over the passers-by like sabres at a wedding. The ships move in and out: past Sandy Hook to the great grey Atlantic, in the son River, in the East River: down Long Island Sound, (where at this very instant the fine steamer the President is covering the one hundred and eight miles from Providence, Rhode Island in the incredible time of only eighteen hours). The water is full of ships; and the land is full of parades: in the early eighteen thirties New York was a city of Parades. Major Downing (he calls himself a Major) from the State of Maine (he says he's from Maine) rode in one of these parades with the seventh President himself, Andrew Jackson himself, old hickory in person and none other (at least he says he did)

DOWNING: And I'd like to meet the man that'd disbelieve me to my face, with my glass in my hand.

CRONY: You tell 'em, Major!

DOWNING: If you'd been out that day, you'd have seen me and the Ginerall figurin' considerable large, I guess. There never was anything like it in New York afore.

CRONY: I'll swear to that, Major.

DOWNING: There was I, a leetle ahead of the Ginerall, on my cream-coloured mare that I always ride when I command the Downingville Militia; and there was the Ginerall on his dapple-gray horse; and we did figure in rather the genteelest style that you ever see, I'll be bound.

CRONY: I can see it, Major, as if it was happening before my eyes. I can almost hear the roar of the crowds.

SOUND: THE ROAR OF THE CROWDS VERY GENTLE.

DOWNING: And there was Martin Van Buren, too, on a leetle old sorrel horse, trying to keep up alongside of me and the Ginerl; and endeavouirin' to take the shine off of us by bowin' and bowin' to the folks, the same as I and the Ginerl did. But it's no use! The people are so taken up with me and the Ginerl, that they hadn't any time to notice the Vice President.

HAPPY: Hurrah for Major Downing!

ALL: Hurrah!

HAPPY: Hurrah for General Jackson!

ALL: Hurrah!

DOWNING: And there's such a shakin' of white handkitchers out of the winders, and so many handsome women's eyes peepin' down upon me and the Ginerl that 'twas enough to make a man pretty near jump out of his skin to be taken sich notice of. The Ginerl was considerable touched, I'll tell you. Says he to me:

JACKSON: Major Downing, if I wasn't an old man

DOWNING: Never mind that, says I, Ginerl, you're pretty tough yet, and likely to outlive many a younger man. Besides, you are a widower.

JACKSON: That's what I was thinkin' about, Major.

GIRL: Hurrah for the President!

DOWNING: Then he turned up his face and winked at a pretty girl that was shakin' her handkitcher out of a chamber winder.

JACKSON: These handsome women are enough to make a man think of marryin' again. But I'm so old, Major Downing.

DOWNING: A fig for that, ginerl: the gals don't like you any the worse for your hair being grey: for you've got plenty of it, such as it is. But if the gals in New York won't have you, there's plenty down East that will.

JACKSON: Do you think so, Major?

DOWNING: I do indeed, General, for they're real Jackson gals in the State of Maine; and I'll do what I can for you in Downingville where I'm pretty well acquainted with all the women that's worth looking at.

JACKSON: Well, Major Downing, I'll think of that another time: at present I have as much as I can do to look at these women here. By the eternal! them are bright eyes, if they ain't!

SECOND GIRL: Hurrah for Major Downing!

DOWNING: That's true, General, and they're lookin' right straight at me!

JACKSON: You be....

DOWNING: Steady, General! I always liked to stop him before he got the word out, and he soon got over his anger and jealousy and chatted away as good-natured as a kitten. So we went on, I and the General, prancin' and curvettin' up Broadway; and if ever there was an expression of public opinion in favour of any two men it was me and the General. All the poor people knew we'd got our man in at last, and if some of the other people didn't like it, they knew what they could do.

SOUND: CROWD AND GENERAL EG OUT BY NOW

CRONY: And what about Martin Van Buren?

DOWNING: Martin Van Buren, poor man, I pitied him. He never fairly got over an accident he met with at the Castle Garden Bridge, when it broke down, and he had to seize hold of the tail of the General's horse to keep his head above water.

CRONY: You don't tell me, Major.

DOWNING: And I hope you believe every word of it. No, Van Buren wasn't a circumstance to me and the General, all the rest of the tour. I shall never forget what he said to me in Boston.

CRONY: What did he say?

DOWNING: I was going to tell you. It was after the people had been hurrahin' for me and the General.

CRONY: And what did he say?

DOWNING: I'm telling you right now. People weren't takin' no more notice of Martin Van Buren then they would of a common man. Says he, Major Downing says he.

CRONY: What did he say?

DOWNING: Let me alone and I'll tell you, for he was wiping the sweat off of his forehead, which was runnin' down out of mere mortification, says he, Major Downing, between you and me, my sufferin's is intolerable. And that was Martin Van Buren, Vice President of these United States!

MUSIC: WINDS UP THIS LITTLE SEQUENCE

NARRATOR: There's many an accomplished liar sitting outside the tavern drinking his whiskey and telling his stories; though certainly, the great men are a great deal more accessible now in eighteen thirty one than they ever became later. Though of course, we should not think that New York parades were always marked by intemperance and riotous living. Washingtonian Temperance parades also marched through those rough tree-lined streets:

TEMPERATE
LADY: Only the other day I saw a Washingtonian procession two miles long pass by. All classes and trades were represented, with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and to himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there,

with badges, and engines; and military companies with gaudy colours and tinsel trappings. But I missed one thing. There should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children, bearing a banner on which was inscribed: WE ARE HAPPY NOW!

NARR: Certainly the new republic dedicated to democracy could give you anything you wanted: even the stores were packed with enough variety to horrify the casual visitor:

CASUAL: We observed a more than usual number of the places called Confectionaries, where sweetmeats and fruits are sold; but the great staple supplies of which are peach brandy, whiskey, rum, and other ardent spirits, of which the consumption here, by all classes and in various forms, is said to be considerable. We observed also, what to us was a novelty, the open sale of dirks, bowie knives, and a long kind of stiletto called the Arkansas Toothpick. These are sold by druggists, in whose shops or stores these deadly weapons are hung up for public inspection, and sold by them as part of the legitimate wares of their calling: thus plainly indicating, that weapons to kill, as well as medicine to cure, could be had at the same shop: and placing, besides the deadly poisons of arsenic, laudanum, hemlock, and hellebore, the deadly weapons of no less fatal power.

MUSIC: POWERFUL AND POSIONOUS

NARR: A city of green trees and fresh paint; a lively, new, sparkling city, for all its roughness and vigor. Towards men, the citizens are forthright and breezy: as when Mr. Garrett, dealer in clams, calls on the Governor of the State:

GARRETT: Hello there. Brought some fresh clams for the Governor.

ASSISTANT: He's sitting in the parlour, picking his teeth. Go right in.

THROOP: Hello there, Mr. Garrett. Step right in!
(JUST OFF)

GARRETT: Morning Mr. Governor. Brought you some clams.

THROOP: Well, that's just fine. Pull up a chair, and bite yourself off a chew.

MARR: One man's as good as another, if not better; and people don't forget that elected officers are nothing but their servants; and that a fellow's entitled to make free with a public building.

MAN: After all, it belongs to him, don't it?

MARR: Towards women, however, the attitude is usually very different.

MAN: There are no women around here. Most of the females are ladies, and should be treated accordingly, as the precious repositories and fair blossoms of virtue, beauty, and high morality; and any one who suggests these dainty creatures should have their innocence sullied by too much education, or the toil of commercial and political affairs: anyone, I say, who encourages or even permits such a thing deserves the active opprobrium of all decent men.

MARR: Equality, and easy manners, then; and pride. Such pride! Boasting is a virtue; and a good boaster is a man to be admired:

BOASTER: I'm a real catastrophe: a small creation; Mount Vesuvius at the top, with red-hot lava pouring out of the crater, and routing nations: my fists are Rocky Mountains: arms Whig-liberty poles, with iron springs. Every step I take is an earthquake, every blow I strike is a clap of thunder, and every breath I breathe is a tornado: my disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off at a flash: when I blast, there'll be nothing left but a hole three feet in circumference, and no end to its depth!

MARR: Equality: boasting; and business. This is a city of merchants, and men of affairs; even in the streets full of hurrying people business goes on as usual.

BUSY ONE: I'll go thirty cents a pound.

BUSY TWO: I can't cover the cost of shipping at that price. Thirty two.

BUSY ONE: That takes up all my profit.

BUSY TWO: You do better than that now with your markup.

BUSY ONE: There's overhead charges; thirty and a half.

BUSY TWO: If you don't want to discuss the matter seriously, there's no sense us standing here. I can't go below thirty one and a half.

BUSY ONE: Well, we need the stock; we have customers; we've got to keep them happy for another day, even if we lose on this shipment. Thirty and three quarters.

BUSY TWO: You've got customers? I hope they don't treat you the way you're treating me. I'm not a hard man, and I don't want to seem stubborn, but all the same ... (FADING OUT AS NARRATOR COMES IN AGAIN)

NARR: And yet amid the bustle, there are some who sit calm, like this old gentlemen here, with the white beard and whiskers and the clean shaven top lip. He's reading the Mercantile Advertiser, at the foot of Courtlandt Street and seems undisturbed by the bustle:

OLD: What bustle: This is the eleventh of May. You been here the first of May, you'd seen some bustle.

NARR: Why the first of May? What's so special about that?

OLD: Why in New York City the first of May's moving time.

NARR: How do you mean, moving time?

OLD: Moving time! Time when everybody moves.

NARR: You mean everybody moves at once?

OLD: That's right.

NARR: Why?

OLD: Don't ask me; unless it's because it's the first of May. It's the day of all others in the year when the good people of this town have one and all agreed to play at the game of move all. First of May, they're all at it with all their might: second of May, everything'll be quiet, and they'll all be settled again. So you see I reckon everything's pretty calm right now by comparison.

NARR: Did you move the first of May?

OLD: I most certainly did. I've moved every May day for the last forty years. See over the water there? That fine side-wheeler's the President, the Providence Packet, come down Long Island. I believe I'll just step down to the waterfront and see if there's anybody interesting on board. Good day to you. Nice fresh day.

NARR: And it is a nice fresh; perhaps a little too fresh, for down here by the water, there's quite a wind. Look at that poor lady tacking along with the wind behind her skirts and flounces:

LADY UNDER SAIL: What between hat and flounces a lady has a time of it when the wind blows and the dust is flying in clouds, as it does in New York almost all day long. I encountered a puff at the corner of one of the streets, and there I stood, holding my hat with one hand and my cardinal cloak, which has fifty six yards of various commodities in it, with the other. I thought I should have gone up like a balloon; and stood stark still until I came near being run over by a

SOUND: FRANTIC HOG GOES ROARING BY: BOYS YELLING AFTER IT

great hog, which was scampering away from some mischievous boys. At last a sailor took compassion on me, and set me down at the door of a store. As he went away, I heard him say to his companion:

SAILOR: Dam my eyes, Bill, what a press of canvas the girls carry nowadays!

MUSIC: A COMMENT

NARR: But this lady is not the only to complain of the wind; for as we near the waterfront, we see the air full of plug hats, and people chasing after them.

CHASER: Catch it! Catch it! Don't step on it, you confounded blockhead!

NARR: But particularly notice this: see the pieces of paper, sailing about whichever way your eye turns, together with a variety of vegetables, pieces of linen and other materials, entirely interrupting the view. Where does all this come from? Is it garbage?

JACK: No sir, it is not. All those commodities come from hats. No nation on earth uses a hat for so many purposes as a Yankee: it serves him at once for a head-covering, a writing desk, a larder, and a port-manteau. In it, the merchant deposits patterns of various descriptions: the doctor uses it as an apothecary's shop; the married man returning from market, converts it into a depository for potatoes and other vegetables: to the traveller it serves as a knapsack. Nothing has been more severely censured among enlightened people than the reform lately introduced in the shape of hats. By the present fashion, it is next to impossible to put more in its inside than a pocket handkerchief and a dozen of cigars. Should, unfortunately, the present form be still more curtailed, then there will be no enduring the caprice of fashion, and who knows but a dreadful revolution may be the consequence?

NARR: A hat has unquestionably more duties to perform in these United States than in any other country. No wonder, whenever the wind blows, a shoal of imprisoned objects take advantage of their liberty.

JACK: That, sir, is the truth; and now, if you'll be so good as to excuse me, I want to see if my wife's cousin came down from Newport on this ship, which I see is now unloading.

SOUND: A SHAL MUMMR OF PASSING VOICES

NARR: So far, we have seen the daily life of New York City; but now we are in for something special. It is May the eleventh, eighteen thirty one; and on the deck of the President, having just come down from Newport, there stand two young men; both well dressed after a rather quiet European fashion; both have long dark hair, in the fashion of the day; both have eager darting eyes; although both seem very tired (they have been without sleep for some time). They are surrounded by luggage and they glance back and forth at the city, and the sea; and the green fields that surround it, as if they were strangers from another planet that had never seen the earth before. They are strangers; come from France to see this curious new land that is supposed to be a democracy. This one, aged twenty six, is Alexis Charles Henri Clerel de Tocqueville, son of a French count. He is already turning over in his mind how he will describe this new country he is visiting:

OCCASIONAL MARINERS' SHOUTS

TOC: As for the harbour and the city itself, well, picture to yourself an attractively varied shoreline, the slopes covered by lawns and trees in bloom right down to the water, and more than all that, an unbelievable multitude of country houses, big as boxes of candy, but showing careful workmanship: add to this, if you can, a sea covered with sails, and you will have the entrance to the city from the water. I am much struck by how convenient these little houses must be, and by the attractive air they give the countryside. Such is our first impression of the city of New York.

NARR: Beside young Mr. de Tocqueville stands his great friend, also a French nobleman; but three years older. This young man, wearing a cloak, is twenty nine. His name is Gustave Auguste de la Bonnardiere de Beaumont. He too is glancing about, and turning over what to say when he writes home:

BEAUMONT: At each instant you glimpse great bays which cut into the shores and

form the most picturesque sites. We were full of real admiration; doubtless we have things as beautiful in France, but we have nothing quite like it. What struck us particularly was the animation given this majestic tableau by the immense number of vessels, brigs, gondolas, and boats of all kinds which cross and recross in every direction.

OFFICER: All right, you can go ashore now.

TOC: Thank you very much. Ready, Beaumont?

BEAU: Ready, Tocqueville.

NARR: They have already set foot in America for a few hours; but now they really land: Tocqueville and Beaumont, their feet on the steps of fame.

Almost as soon as they were ashore they found a boarding house, and spent their first day snoring; but the Press was already noting their arrival. The Mercantile Advertiser was setting up a little paragraph:

NEWS: We understand that two magistrates, Messrs de Beaumont, and de Tocqueville have arrived here to examine the various prisons in our country and make a report on their return to France. To other countries, especially in Europe, a commission has also been sent, as the French government have it in contemplation to improve their penitentiary system, and take this means of obtaining all proper information. In our country, we have no doubt that every facility will be extended to the gentlemen who have arrived.

NARR: The Old World was sending to learn from the New: but this first little paragraph about two obscure prison commissioners gave little indication of how much would be done and said and seen and thought by Beaumont and Tocqueville. But the great adventure had begun.

MUSIC: FINALE. DOWN TO BG FOR TOC.

TOC: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: FINALE UP AND TO END.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER TWO

TOC: (READING) This newspaper is The Mercantile Advertiser of New York: May 12, 1831: "We understood that two magistrates Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tonqueville . . . Tonqueville! They spelt my name wrong: Tocqueville.

BEAUMONT: Think yourself fortunate to be mentioned in the press the first morning you wake up in America. (RATHER SARDONICALLY) Read on. What are these two fine magistrates doing?

TOC: ...Two magistrates Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville have arrived here, sent by the Minister of the Interior, to examine the various prisons in our country, and make a report on their return to France. To other countries, especially in Europe, a commission has also been sent, as the French Government have it in contemplation to improve their Penitentiary System and take this means of obtaining all proper information. In our country we have no doubt that every facility will be extended to the gentlemen who have arrived.

BEAUMONT: Our first taste of democratic hospitality: if true!

MUSIC: ECHOES BEAUMONT'S TART COMMENT: DOWN TO BG FOR ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

LANDLADY: Eighteen thirty one: no let me see. I was in New York City at the

time. My husband had gone to his long reward; he used to work as a speculator; trading in commodities, you know. You can make a lot of money that way. He didn't, but he sure tried hard. A fine man: I guess that's what killed him; so I opened a refined boarding for ladies and gentlemen of standing and position; number 66 Broadway, just down the street from the big American Hotel. These two French gentlemen came in off the steam-ship President, and I never saw two fellows look more tired. They just rolled into their beds in the middle of the afternoon, and I guess they must have slept clean through until eight o'clock next morning, when I told Kitty to ring for breakfast. All right, Kitty; all the cold meats are on, and the lobsters'll be ready in a moment. Might as well let 'em have the gong, soon as it's eight o'clock:

KITTY: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: CLOCK BEGINS TO CHIME QUARTERS AND STRIKE EIGHT: THIS CONTINUES AT ITS OWN PACE. BUT AFTER THE FIRST QUARTER:

LANDLADY: All right, Kitty, let 'em have it!

SOUND: THE CLOCK IS SMOTHERED BY A VERY LARGE GONG BEING BEATEN VERY HARD INDEED: AS IT DIES AWAY. THE VOICES OF THE GUESTS CAN BE HEARD, STREAMING INTO THE DINING ROOM. THE CLOCK KEEPS STRIKING.

CROWD: (BUSTLE INTO BREAKFAST THROUGHOUT NEXT SEQUENCE, BUT WITH DIMINISHING INTENSITY)!!!

LANDLADY: (AT THE DOOR, GREETING) Morning, Mr. Griggs.

GRIGGS: Morning, ma'am.

LANDLADY: Do any studying last night?

GRIGGS: I reckon I did. I've just about proved that the Babylon of the Apocalypse refers to the scarlet city of London, England.

LANDLADY: (NARR) Mr. Griggs: from Kentucky. Very keen Bible student; though just a piece biassed about proving England's downfall, which, of course, is due to come all right, seeing that place is rotten with Dukes and Barons, and the like; and when the downfall does come, it'll certainly appreciate real estate values: good morning, Markee.

MARQUIS: Good morning, madame.

LANDLADY: I hope you passed a good night, Markee.

MARQUIS: (DARKLY) The wrongs of my unhappy country.

LANDLADY: (NARR) Get the bagwig and the ruffles. That gentleman's a real French Markee: that's the way they call it. Oh, this establishment attracts many gentlemen of title from over the water. I believe right now the Markee is teaching dancing to young ladies of refinement, and...Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Demarest.

MR AND MRS D: Morning, ma'am.

LANDLADY: Did you sleep real well, I mean, did you enjoy your walk yesterday?

MRS D: Very much thank you.

LANDLADY: (NARR) Newly married couple: he's from the Frontier: Missouri. She's from upstate. She's undoubtedly a very lovely woman, but it can't be denied she's bitter homely. Morning Major General.

MAJOR-G: Morning, ma'am.

LANDLADY: You look fit as a fiddle this fine morning, sir.

MAJOR-G: An old soldier usually comes out pretty fit, ma'am.

LANDLADY: The Major-General's from Vermont; a regular walking encyclopedia about the War; if you ask me...Morning, Mr. O'Brien.

O'B: Morning, Ma'am.

LANDLADY: One moment, Mr. O'Brien. I wondered if we might have something on account on that little bill?

O'B: Well, I tell you, ma'am; I've got a job this morning at the Hudson River docks, checking consignments, and whatever I get, you can have half of it, and you can't say fairer than that.

LANDLADY:(NARR) I'd rather have the whole of it, but you can't say too much to the poor fellow, with his ribs all sticking out. He has to stand up twice to cast a shadow. A lot of Irish gentlemen are over here to live cheap, even though it cost them a year's wages to get here. Still, who can blame them? All those countries in Europe are still groaning under oppression. If the people as a whole don't have the gumption to get up and throw off their chains, well to come to America is all that's left for a man who wants to be free. Morning, Mr. Beasley.

BEASLEY: Morning, ma'am.

LANDLADY: Any luck yesterday?

BEASLEY: I thought I saw one of them over near the courthouse, but he gave me the slip.

LANDLADY: Well, I hope and trust you have better luck today. Mr. Beasley's from the Carolinas: indigo planter. He's up here on business, and keeping his eye open for half of a dozen of his slaves that ran away. He's heard tell they're in New York City at present. I hope he can make those slaves

realise that everytime they run away they deprive a gentleman of his lawful property. Morning, gentlemen.

TOC: Morning, madame.

BEAU: Good morning. (THE CROWD NOISES HAVE STOPPED BY NOW)

LANDLADY: Now let me see. Which of you gentlemen is which?

TOC: I am Mr. de Tocqueville; and this is Mr. de Beaumont.

LANDLADY: Mr. Tocqueville's the little one; Mr. Beaumont's the big one. Well, I hope I can remember that. And you gentlemen are from France?

TOC: That is perfectly correct.

BEAU: We have been sent to make a special study.

LANDLADY: Well, you'll have to do it on an empty stomach, if you don't step lively. Why, it must be five past eight, if it's a minute. The gong here goes at eight o'clock, you know; and I wouldn't answer for there being many vittles on the board by quarter after.

TOC: Then we had better hurry.

LANDLADY:(CALLING AFTER THEM) Sit wherever you like. If there's any left, there's fish, ham, beef, boiled fowls, eggs, pigeons, pumpkin pies, lobsters, vegetables, tea, coffee, cider, sangaree, and cherry brandy. (HER VOICE SLOWLY FADES BACK AS THE LIST CONTINUES, AND CROSS FADES AS WE MOVE INTO THE DINING ROOM, WITH:

SOUND: KNIVES, FORKS AND CROCKERY GOING HARD AT IT.

TOC: We can sit here. (BOTH SPEAK VERY QUIETLY TO EACH OTHER)

BEAU: Beef?

TOC: Thank you. Potatoes?

BEAU: Thank you. Cabbage?

TOC: No thanks. Coffee?

BEAU: Not at this time in the morning. I'll have brandy.

TOC: Beaumont: look at the ladies.

BEAU: It is also too early in the morning to look at ladies.

TOC: No, no, I am serious. You notice they are completely dressed, for the day, everything complete and finished, and here it is only breakfast. At this rate, a lady would be ready to receive visitors at nine o'clock in the morning.

BEAU: Things will be very different here in America; see how fast you must eat. This food is melting away before our eyes. More beef?

TOC: Thank you. More potatoes?

BEAU: Thank you.

TOC: Some of them are leaving already. Certainly there seems to be very little formality in a democracy.

BEAU: I see rather that Americans eat breakfast according to the directions given of old for eating the Passover: "With your loins girded, your shoes on your feet; and your staff in your hand; and you shall eat it in haste!"

LANDLADY: Mr. Tocqueville!

BEAU: No, I am Mr. de Beaumont. Mr. de Tocqueville is the other one.

LANDLADY: The little one, that's right; well, there's a gentleman to see you.

TOC: Did he give you his name?

LANDLADY: A. Mr. Peter Schermerhorn.

TOC: Schermerhorn.

BEAU: Our friend from the ship. Let's go and see him at once!

MUSIC: OFF TO SCHERMERHORN

TOC: Mr. Schermerhorn, this is so kind of you to think of us.

SCHER: Well, you two seem to be important men. Did you see the morning paper?

TOC: No.

SCHER: Well, have a look: right there.

TOC: This newspaper is The Mercantile Adventurer of New York, May 12, 1831. "We understand that two magistrates Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tonqueville"...Tonqueville. They spelt my name wrong: Tocqueville!

BEAU: Think yourself fortunate to be mentioned in the press the first morning you wake up in America. Read on. What are these two fine magistrates doing?

TOC: "...Two magistrates Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville have arrived here, sent by the Ministry of the Interior, to examine the various prisons in our country, and make a report on their return to France. To other countries, especially in Europe, a commission has been sent, as the French Government have it in contemplation to improve their Penitentiary system, and take this means of obtaining all proper information. In our country, we have no doubt that every facility will be extended to the gentlemen who have arrived."

BEAU: Our first taste of democratic hospitality: if true!

SCHER: Oh, it's true enough. Here's how things work out. This paragraph'll be picked up by some of the other journals. It'll be passed on from one town to the next; and from one state to the next. All kinds of people are going to read it: important people. Then they'll call on you and

offer their services.

TOC: But why? Is that how things are always done in a democracy?

SCHER: That's certainly how things are done here; and the why is really pretty simple. I guess you know we're pretty proud of ourselves over here in America?

BEAU: We observed on the voyage that praises certainly came easily to the lips of Americans.

SCHER: Don't be too polite. It's a little stronger than that. Every book that comes out is exalted to the skies. The public orators flatter the people; the people flatter the orators. Clergymen praise their flocks, and the flocks stand amazed at the excellence of their clergymen...

TOC: I want to inquire about religion in America...

SCHER:
(SWAMPING HIM) Sunday school teachers admire their pupils, and the scholars magnify their teachers. And here's something you'll find out for yourselves. As far as guests from abroad are concerned, you'll find that you're going to need a dark corner to hide your faces in when everybody starts to praise you.

TOC: But who will praise us, Mr. Schermerhorn. We are merely two inquisitive young men from France. Why are we praiseworthy?

SCHER: Well, that's what I was coming to. We're boasters: I admit it. We're proud of ourselves: I admit that. But we aren't all that proud. We haven't been in business long enough yet. We still aren't quite sure of ourselves. We have a lot of hard things to say about the Old World; but even while we're saying them, we're sometimes casting a look out of the corner of our eye to see whether we've really impressed them

or not. And you being sent here by your Government to study...what was it?

TOC: Prisons: but we hope to study other things too.

SCHER: All right, Mr. Tocqueville, you hope to study other things too. Well, don't you see, that means you people think we've got something to teach you. The New World has got the jump on the Old World: and the Old World admits it! That's why you're going to be flattered and popular; that's why things are going to be easy for you. France is trying to learn something from America. You've heard the old proverb: Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery: and we reckon your flattery right now is pretty sincere.

BEAU: I begin to understand. This may make our task a little easier: eh, Tocqueville?

TOC: A task is a task, no matter how easy it is made. But I agree: we have before us the prospect of a great adventure: to find out the real workings of a democracy.

SCHER: And I hope you do. Now look. In New York City, we get moving early. People'll soon be calling on you; you'll get invitations from all over the place; so I want to get in ahead of them. I've arranged for you to see Enos Throop. I've made the appointment for tomorrow morning: that's May 13th.

TOC: This is charming of you; but who is this Mr. Throop?

SCHER: Enos Thompson Throop, sir, is the Governor of the State of New York.

BEAU: The Governor. This is certainly an honour.

SCHER: Normally the Governor resides in the city of Albany; but he's in

New York City right now for the Tammany Society dinner.

TOC: What is the Tammany Society?

SCHER: You'll find out. Now I've made all the arrangement. Mr. Morse who's a judge at Cherry Valley, he'll introduce. Morse is a friend of mine; nice fellow. I've written it down for you; here's the address.

LANDLADY:
(COMING ON) Pardon me, gentlemen; there's three gentlemen to see Mr. Tocqueville and Mr. Beaumont. Here's their cards.

SCHER: Let me see. I don't know these fellows: but this is the New York Evening Post. Old Bryant's got one of his men on the job. Well, do what you like with them; but don't forget you're going to see Governor Throop tomorrow.

MUSIC: TILL TOMORROW.

SOUND: CARRIAGES AND HORSES

TOC: What a scene of hurry and bustle in these streets. I wonder if all this running is typical of a democracy. You notice everybody overtakes us. I thought myself a lively enough walker; but over here, I seem only to dawdle. Why do the citizens of a democracy hurry?

BEAU: How do we know, Tocqueville, these are typical citizens? Elsewhere, things may be very different. This New York is only on city in a vast country: do not begin, I beg you, to build your theories, until you have more facts. I wonder what this Governor Throop is going to be like.

TOC: They say he is very pleasant. I took a few notes: he is forty seven years old; formally a circuit judge...what is a circuit judge, I wonder? and he was only elected this year.

BEAU: Wait.

TOC: What's the matter?

BEAU: Cross over the street. I want to look at this building. Let me see where are we?

TOC: This is the Bowery.

BEAU: And this is Bayard Street. Now look at that hotel.

TOC: The North American Hotel. One, two, three, four, five floors, and an Exchange Stable attached....

BEAU: Never mind that! What I want you to notice is...

TOC: But I do mind it. I want to notice everything; and make a note.

BEAU: Look on the roof, beside where the American Flag is flying. There is a wooden statue of a poor boy with ragged knees and elbows. Why should the management put such a thing on their roof. Surely there must be some instructive story connected with it.

REYNOLDS: Yes, sir, there surely is. (HE MAKES THEM JUMP)

TOC: I beg your pardon!

REY: That's all right! Now, I guess you two gentlemen are foreigners.

BEAU: Foreigners? We are Frenchmen.

TOC: In America we are foreigners.

REY: And you figured there was a story to that statue on the North American Hotel. I'll tell you that story; and you'll find it's a tale of American industry, American opportunity, and American courage.

TOC: Are those things abundant here?

REY: Sir: those virtues (and many others besides) are always found in America, and never found in other countries. Now, sir, thirty eight years ago, a poor boy came to this town; a poor Yankee boy, name of

David Reynolds. He was twelve or fourteen years of age at the time, without a crust of bread to feed him and without a copper in his pocket. Weary and hungry, he leaned against a fine elm tree (since cut down, made into lumber and sold at a good price). That elm tree stood where the North American Hotel now stands. While young David Reynolds was leaning against, luxuriating, you might say, in its bountiful shade, he racked his little brains to try and devise some means of procuring for the sustenance of his childish needs, a livelihood that should be both honest and honourable. While he was thus reflecting how to get his dinner, a gentleman came up to him....

TOC: Name?

REY: I beg your pardon, sir? (COURTEOUSLY)

TOC: I wondered if you knew this gentleman's name.

REY: This gentleman's name, sir, has not been handed down to posterity. May I proceed?

BEAU: Pray do.

REY: Thank you, sir. A gentleman, whose name has not been transmitted to us, approached this poor friendless boy, and asked if he were willing to carry the gentleman's trunk down to the wharf. The boy eagerly consented; and received for his labours the sum of twenty five cents. Now what do you suppose he did with it?

BEAU: Spent it on food.

TOC: Perhaps he reserved some to pay for his night's lodging; or was he prepared to sleep in the street?

REY: He was prepared to do anything, sir, providing it was honest. I'll tell

you what he did; he did an American thing. With a little of the money he bought food; and with the rest of it, he bought fruit, which he offered for sale beneath that same elm tree. American initiative, sir; grasping the opportunity. He soon disposed of his little stock to advantage; and spent that night richer than he had ever been before. On the morrow, he repeated the transaction. Soon he had a fruit stall under the tree; then a small shop then several houses on either side. Finally, he acquired such an estate that he pulled it all down and built this magnificent hotel. On this plaque, which he caused to be erected, he has set out his own story, and you will perceive it concludes with these words: "The tree was cut down, but from its beloved trunk he caused his image to be carved (that's it up there) as a memento of his own forlorn beginnings and his grateful recollections." From a penniless, ragged boy, David Reynolds, rose to be one of the most prosperous citizens in his community; and the owner of the finest hotel in New York City and possibly the world. That, sir, is an American story; and I myself am David Reynolds, at your service.

TOC: Sir, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance.

BEAU: Delighted. But tell me this: do not your fellow citizens hold against you in some way these humble origins of yours?

REY: They do not, sir. Most emphatically not. I am a man of property and position; and in New York, that speaks for itself. I trust, by the way, gentlemen, that you are yourselves not in need of lodgings, because if you are...

TOC: No, thank you, sir; we are already accommodated; and in any case,

must very shortly leave the city. We are touring your whole country.

REY: The finest country in the world.

BEAU: I am sure it is. Goodbye, sir.

TOC: Goodbye, sir.

REY: Goodbye, gentlemen; and remember that little American story! (GOING)

TOC: I think he is right; that is an American story. A poor boy rising to be a large property owner, enjoying the respect of his community.

BEAU: But chiefly because of his money.

TOC: Even so, already we have heard a great deal of talk of money, of making it and of getting it. Perhaps that is why. Perhaps it is the symbol of position; as blood is with us.

BEAU: Perhaps so. Forgive my inattention.

TOC: You are perhaps reading in the book of Nature; observing the crowds as they hurry to and fro?

BEAU: I was observing the people, yes. But it's not the ones that are here that interest me, so much as the ones that are missing.

TOC: The ones that are missing, Beaumont? Explain yourself.

BEAU: There are almost no children to be seen; and no soldiers.

TOC: No children and no soldiers; I believe you are right.

BEAU: If we had walked this far in a French city, we should have seen hundreds of children and dozens of soldiers. Now where are they?

TOC: I have no idea: but it will give us something to ask Governor Throop.

MUSIC: ON TO GOVERNOR THROOP

TOC: Well, here is the Governor's residence.

BEAU: A boarding house exactly like our own. Knock on the door.

SOUND KNOCK

TOC: How will people believe us when we say that the Chief Magistrate of the State of New York lives in an ordinary boarding house?

BEAU: Possibly he and his entourage have taken over the premises. I am sure we will find him surrounded by the pomp and ceremony appropriate to his situation.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

TOC: Good morning. Gustave de la Bonniere de Beaumont, and Alexis to Tocqueville for an audience with the Governor of New York. Permit me to present our credentials from the Government of France.

MORSE: You're the two French fellows old Schermerhorn told me about. You're surely welcome. Step right on in, and meet the Governor. I'm Judge Morse, and I'm real pleased to meet you.

ALEXIS: It is an honour...forgive me, I do not know the proper address towards a person in your station.

MORSE: Just call me Judge, and shut the door behind you, will you?

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

You just call any man here what you want to call him; but the fancier you call him, the more he'll be pleased.

BEAU: I thought there was no aristocratic titles in a democracy.

MORSE: Nor there are; but I will say we've managed to scrape up a few non-aristocratic ones. You couldn't toss a rock out into any street of New York City, any hour of the day or night without bringing down at least a Colonel. Why, just the other day, I heard tell of a delegation from one of the counties of Florida. There were eighteen men in it: four

generals, six colonels, three majors, one ex-governor, one doctor, and one esquire. That left only two fellows that were just people. Here we are.

SOUND: INSIDE DOOR OPENS

MORSE: Governor, meet Mr. de Tocqueville, and Mr. Beaumont. Gentlemen, meet Governor Throop.

THROOP: Delighted to have the honour.

TOC: AND BEAU: Excellency.

THROOP: Which of you fellows is which?

TOC: I am Alexis de Tocqueville, Excellency.

BEAU: And I am Gustave de Beaumont, at your service.

THROOP: Well, that's dandy. Pull up a chair and sit down. You boys seem to have got the American language pretty well licked.

TOC: We have applied ourselves conscientiously, Excellency.

MORSE: Call the Governor, Mr. Governor, or he won't know who you're talking to.

BEAU: Forgive us, Mr. Governor.

MORSE: Allow me to offer you some tobacco, gentlemen.

BEAU: No thank you, Judge.

TOC: No, thank you.

THROOP: You gentlemen don't chew? No: well, you're quite right, it's a filthy habit: disgusting. Hand over the plug, Judge, and I'll take a bite. (HE DOES AND ADDS AS HE STOWS IT IN HIS CHEEK) I wish I'd never taken it up.

TOC: First, Excell...Mr. Governor, let me present my credentials.

THROOP: I don't need credentials. I read all about you in the papers. Come to look over the prisons?

TOC: And to see what it is like in a democracy.

THROOP: I'm sure we'll do everything in our power to help you. You...uh... you been having a little trouble over there in France, I guess. Governments going up and down, and things like that? (SILENCE)

Don't like to say anything? Well, that's smart; and patriotic, too. We admire patriots over here.

MORSE: We surely do. You have a great patriot in your country, gentlemen.

BEAU: Who might that be? In particular, I mean.

MORSE: The Hero of Two Worlds, of course; who else?

TOC: Who is he?

MORSE: Mean to say you've never heard of General Lafayette?

TOC: (NON-ENTHUSIASM) General Lafayette. Oh. Of course.

GOVERNOR: Care, judge! Lafayette's a patriot to us, but I strongly suspect from our friends' faces here, that in his own country he may not be regarded as an unmixed political asset.

BEAU: Mr. Governor: you have put it admirably. Your tact and discernment are noteworthy.

THROOP: They surely need to be in this job. What do you make of us, Mr. de Tocqueville?

TOC: How do you mean?

MORSE: How do you like America?

TOC: We like it very much; what little we have seen of it.

THROOP: I see you're in the Tact and Discernment business, too.

BEAU: Everything is so different from France; even on the streets, there are differences. Where are the children?

THROOP: Children? Why, I guess they'd be in school: wouldn't you say, Judge?

MORSE: Sure: that's where they are; unless they're playing hockey.

TOC: All the children are educated?

THROOP: Just about as many as we can lay our hands on. We Americans are great believers in education and self improvement. Did you think we didn't have any children?

BEAU: I thought they might be working in factories, or something of the sort.

THROOP: Some of them, I guess, are; but most'll be in school.

BEAU: And also there are no soldiers. Now, how do you keep up law and order without soldiers? In France, you see, there are a great many soldiers to be seen. For the sake of peace, the military are very much in evidence.

TOC: To say nothing of the fact that in Paris we are specially blessed by living under the protection of no fewer than five different police forces. As well as the soldiers.

THROOP: Well, we have soldiers. Every man you see is a soldier. The Constitution of our Union lays it down as a sacred right of every citizen to bear arms. If we ever had need of soldiers, you'd find them springing up all around you. It's happened before, and if it's needed, it'll happen again. Every man fit to bear arms is his own soldier.

TOC: This I understand, Mr. Governor, although it surprises me; but there is something else about it that surprises me even more. First: why is the Governor of the State of New York living in a boarding house

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER THREE

TOC: What you say, Mr. Governor, surprises me very much; and there are two things I still want to know. First; why is the Governor of the State of New York living in a boarding house without pomp or ceremony: and second why do you not need soldiers on your streets? How does your society hold together without the splendour of the civil arm, and the might of the military arm?

THROOP: Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you. It's because we in America have started out on a great adventure.

MUSIC: UP: BG FOR OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

TOC: I am afraid, Mr. Governor, that I do not understand you. Monsieur de Beaumont and myself; we are on an adventure. Everything we see is full of surprises...

THROOP: Like finding the Governor of the State of New York in a boarding house?

BEAUMONT: Exactly like that.

THROOP: Well, it's convenient, that's what it is. If there's one thing that's hard to find nowadays around New York City, it's domestic help.

MORSE: And don't you see the Governor doesn't have to worry about his prestige or anything like that. It don't come from himself, you see; it comes from the people. Don't forget this is a democracy.

BEAUMONT: Even if we wished to forget it...

TOC: Which I assure you we do not...

BEAU: ...we find it thrust upon us at every point.

THROOP: I guess every country's proud of its native institutions; and I guess we Americans are a little prouder than the average, because we figure we really have something to be proud about.

TOG: I believe we have noticed that.

THROOP: I believe you have, Mr. Tocqueville. I wouldn't be surprised if you haven't been pumped up to the eyebrows with boasting from everyone you've met, myself included. Still, if you're on to a good thing, you want other people to know about it.

BEAU: And you are convinced, Mr. Governor, that this democracy is a good thing?

THROOP: Sure I'm convinced. Not that it hasn't got its bad side, mind you. And Judge Morse here and myself know all about it. We've sat on the bench and judged our fellow-creatures, and a pretty miserable bunch some of them turned out to be, too.

MORSE: They surely did; but even there, I'd take issue with you Mr. Governor.

THROOP: Go ahead.

MORSE: Well, I had a fellow up before me one day, who was by way of being a burglar. This fellow had broken into a good looking house, but when he got in, he found there was more to the wrapping than there was to the package.

TOG: I beg your pardon?

MORSE: The place looked good, but there was nothing worth stealing inside. He hunted around a spell, couldn't find anything he wanted, so he finally left. But when he got outside, he found it had come on to rain. Back he goes into the house and steals a fine new cotton umbrella. It was just coming on daylight when he got back into the city, and this umbrella was getting to be an embarrassment to him. He didn't want to be caught with it. I asked him why he didn't get rid of it. "Well, now, Judge, I tell you," he said, "I calculated there'd be

even more trouble if anyone'd caught me heaving her away." So what he did, he gave it to a friend, in the same line of business as himself. They caught the friend; the friend said where he'd got the umbrella from; and this other fellow's in the penitentiary right now thinking it all over.

THROOP: That's a good story, Judge; but I don't see where it fits in.

MORSE: It fits in this way, Mr. Governor. We've got our bad eggs, and our rotten apples, same as anyone else; but even when they're bad, they've got a democratic flavour about them. That fellow talked to me from the dock as though I were his equal; no, he did better than that. He talked to me as though he were my employer.

THROOP: And so he was too. We're both of us employed by the people.

MORSE: Not only that, but that umbrellalla really tickled my fancy. There's a man who's particular, who has respect for himself, and a liking for creature comforts. I'd like either of you gentlemen to show me a European burglar who got caught because he thought enough of himself to mind the rain.

TOC: If you will forgive me, sir, your story shows me something else. The way you tell it, shows me a sort of fundamental sympathy with this wrong doer.

MORSE: I wouldn't exactly say that. A good judge ought to come at a criminal, the way he goes for a bottle of port: try him carefully, then punish him severely.

BEAU: But nonetheless, I detect a feeling that this man is, after all, a human being.

THROOP: Well, isn't he?

BEAU: Quite so; but in our country, there are many people who find it very hard to realise that.

TOC: Madame de Sevigne, for instance. She was a brilliant, sensitive woman, but a true aristocrat. It would scarcely be unfair to say that Madame de Sevigne had no clear notion of suffering in anyone who was not a person of quality.

THROOP: I see what you mean; and that certainly isn't true here. We have our faults; but on the whole, I believe we're a humanitarian people. We like to think well of people; and usually we have a basic belief in fair play.

TOC: But, Mr. Governor, to return to the question of the soldiers.

THROOP: Oh yes, the question of the soldiers. Why aren't there any: that what you mean?

TOC: Exactly. It is remarkable to us that the streets of this city are empty of soldiers.

BEAU: Or is this just peculiar to the City of New York? We have already been told several times that New York is not, after all, America.

THROOP: Nor it is; but you won't find much in the way of soldiers wherever you go. As I said, we're on an adventure; every man jack has a stake in the country. It's to his own benefit to live in a peaceful, happy community. Everything, in short, is regulated, as far as possible, by enlightened self-interest.

BEAU: Could you give us an example, Mr. Governor?

THROOP: I could give you ten thousand; but here's one you can hang on to. There was a fellow I knew in Massachusetts; carpenter, by trade.

Worked hard, did pretty well; but I don't believe anyone'd ever call him a rich man. One day there was talk of a Normal School.

TOC: What is a Normal School?

THROOP: A school for teachers; a place to teach teachers how to teach! Any way, there was a subscription list opened; and this carpenter that I'm telling you about made out a bank order for one thousand dollars. The man that was running the lists (knowing, I suppose, that he wasn't all that well endowed with this world's goods) came to him, and returned his draft, saying, "I suppose you mean one hundred dollars, and have accidentally written a cipher too much." "Why should you suppose that," replied the carpenter, "I am a father, and how can I so effectively advance the interests of my children, as by educating the community in which they are to live."

MORSE: Education is the thing, no doubt of it. Look in any almanack, and it'll tell you how to get ready for winter on a farm: Secure your cellars from frost. Fasten loose clap boards and shingles. Get hold of a good school master.

THROOP: Perhaps now you see what I mean by enlightened self-interest, which is the cement of our democracy. Every man is every man's equal; every man is every man's associate; every man is every man's customer. Put your society on those terms, Mr. Tocqueville, and you will not need the military, because you will have extinguished the mob, that body of the poor and depressed, who can have no interest in a stability which never steadies them, a settled tranquility which never relaxes them, a prosperity which never touches them. The bond of this mighty continental nation, gentlemen (for to tell you the truth, I don't know whether we're a nation or a continent yet), the bond is commercial

liberty. Not mere political liberty, but positive freedom from all the slightest restraints. That we regard as the birthright of this adolescent country.

TOC: Is freedom from all restraints wholly good, Mr. Governor?

THROOP: Is anything wholly good, Mr. Tocqueville? I don't know. I am sure it must have its dark side; but I am equally sure that this country wants it, and that this country has got it. It is a heritage as natural as the air we breathe; whether it sweetens the hard toil of New England or inflates the hot pride of the South; it's always the same brave spirit, pervading the same republic. And its influence is not the less powerful because it is everywhere propagated by an animating spirit of dispute. You are taking notes, Mr. Tocqueville; and I'm glad to see you do it. Now take a note of this: The American people, dispersed over an immense territory, abounding in all the means of commercial greatness, who early found an opportunity of adapting their government to their circumstances ...

TOC: ...Of adapting their government to their circumstances ..

THROOP: They followed the manifest order of nature when they adopted a constitution which was free; a constitution which was republican; and a constitution which was based on a commercial federation.

BEAU: But, Mr. Governor ...

THROOP: No, sir. I will not comment on its desirability; except to say this: as we are concerned, it is infinitely desirable, because it was wholly inevitable. Will you forgive me if I speak for a moment of your own country; and speak to you privately, as a man?

TOC: We should be honoured.

THROOP:

Very well, sir. Your country too has recently passed through a great revolution; but one which I cannot help feeling has had a very different influence on your destiny. You will forgive the strong language, but I cannot help but remark that the course, and indeed the catastrophe of the French Revolution have cast a gloom over Republicanism, which perhaps it may never shake off; and which renders it in Europe repulsive and discreditable: at least for the present. But here, sir, is the difference between your Revolution and ours. The American Republic is the natural fruit of the American soil: the spirit of freedom may be impassioned, it may be factious, but it is neither furious nor bloody. The various states which make up our Federation (and as you know I have the honour to be the Governor of one of them), these states, as now organized may be consolidated or dismembered. But a disunion of the American states, whatever might be its political consequences, could not destroy or even materially change their mutual commercial dependence. Probably, it would not diminish our universal attachment to republican institutions. I don't mind telling you the country is already pretty unwieldy. The east and the south are already jealous of each other; and the west regards both of them with suspicion. But the strong bonds of union are there, and will remain there: there is a common language; there are common laws; there are common political attachments; and finally and above all, there is the great reciprocal bond of common interest. Remember this always gentlemen: we live on trade, we live by trade, we live for trade. Trade is our life; and I tell you frankly, we all regard the carrying on of trade as something to which a man may honourably devote his whole life.

MUSIC:

A LONGISH BRIDGE, WITH PATRIOTIC UNDERTONES TO TAKE US AWAY FROM THE GOVERNOR AND OUT ON TO THE STREET.

SOUND: THE NOISES OF THE STREET

CRIER: Here's your fine ripe water-melons! Here's your fine ripe water-melons! (FADE OFF CALLING)

TOC: Listen, Beaumont! Listen to the street criers. Everywhere we are pursued by this wild enthusiasm for trade.

BEAU: There are also street-criers in France.

TOC: But these street criers are different. They have meaning! They belong to a pattern.

SWEEP: Sweep all up! Sweep all up! from the bottom to the top, without a ladder or a rope, sweep 0-0-0-0! (FADE OFF CALLING)

BEAU: You are eyeing that chimney sweep as if he were a future millionaire of the new democracy.

TOC: Who knows? Perhaps he may be!

BEAU: The Governor's ideas have excited you!

TOC: Of course. All ideas are exciting; and what we are seeing, Beaumont, is a new world unfolding.

OLD LADY: Cat tails! Cat tails to make beds going! Cat tails! Cat tails to make beds going! (FADE OFF CALLING)

BEAU: This woman; is she too a future millionaire?

TOC: Now you make fun; but I must write down that Americans sometimes sleep on the tails of cats.

BEAU: Look at the people, Tocqueville, as well as the ideas! She is selling reeds, rushes, bulrushes.

TOC: My eyes are opened; indeed, they really are. See, across the sidewalk in front of every shop, a long board nailed across two posts with advertising painted on it. I never noticed that as we came up the street; but now everywhere I look I see evidences of trade! "Visit

the Pleasure Railway at Hoboken." "Comstock and Andrews: European and Indiana Silks; Leghorn and Straw Bonnets; Parasols and Umbrellas"

SOUND: IN THE DISTANCE DOG YELPING HORRIBLY.

"Baths: warm, cold, shower and vapour, Sulphur and other medicated Baths. In marble and Tin Tubs. The Proprietor has succeeded in supplying the bath with soft water!"

BEAU: Tocqueville, stop writing down those silly signs and listen for a moment.

TOC: Certainly. I am all ears. (THEY LISTEN)

SOUND: DOG UPROAR QUITE CLEAR.

TOC: That is the sound of dogs.

BEAU: Quite so; but what are they doing to them. Look, look down there! There are men running after dogs and killing them with clubs. Let us go and see!

MUSIC: TO THE DEATH

BEAU: But this is appalling. There is blood all over the road; and seven, eight, nine dead dogs, beaten to death. This is a strange scene for a humanitarian country.

TOC: It recalls what one has read of the Reign of Terror. Pardon me, sir, but why are these men killing so many dogs?

NY: You a foreigner?

TOC: Yes, sir.

NY: From Germany, likely?

BEAU: No, from France.

NY: Over here on business?

TOC: You might say so; why are these dogs...

NY: Haberdashery? Hardware? Export and Import?

BEAU: Anything that strikes our fancy. These dogs...

NY: General line, eh? Same as me.

TOC: Very possibly...

NY: My name's Hawkins. I don't believe I caught your name.

TOC: Tocqueville.

NY: Sounds foreign; course, you said you were foreigners. Dutch name?

TOC: From France.

NY: Blame me, that's what you said. Don't believe I caught your name, sir, either.

BEAU: My name is Beaumont.

NY: That sounds foreign...wait, you told me. Swedish name?

BEAU: Also French.

NY: Well, that's refreshing. I'm certainly honoured to make the acquaintance; and now what can I do for you?

TOC: Why are all those men killing all those dogs?

NY: Why, they're the city dog killers: what else would you expect them to do?

TOC: This then is their job?

NY: Around here there are too many dogs; they just run wild in the streets. You got to do something about them. Usually we got to kill off four or five thousand in a year. In the hot weather, they're knocking them down at the rate of three hundred a day.

BEAU: But it is so cruel; look sometimes, the animals are only maimed.

NY: I guess it is, but what else would you suggest? I wouldn't do the job myself; I don't like getting blood all over me. But I'll tell you this: the job's got to be done; and we Americans don't like anybody criticising anything that we reckon we ought to do. Least of all, Italians, and Portuguese and foreigners generally. So I think you'd find it wise to remember that, and not be so free with your unwarranted accusations. Give you good day.

(FADING OFF)

TOC: (AFTER A
PAUSE)

Well!

BEAU: Evidently an American democrat can be just as sensitive and touchy as a European aristocrat.

TOC: But the European boasts of what his country is; the American of what it does.

BEAU: Let us leave this shambles. Already I can see that it is not going to be very easy to summarize this country. How all this does not incite the young to riots and revolutions is quite beyond me.

MUSIC: PARADE COMING: HOLD UNDER.

TOC: This alone would not do it; remember what the Governor said? We live on trade, we live by trade, we live for trade. That alone is enough to protect the country from civil disturbances.

BEAU: Unless somehow trade is involved.

TOC: More noise! There is a band now. Surely the streets of New York must be the noisiest and busiest in the world!

BEAU: And yet for all their bustle and prosperity I feel all the time that we are walking about in a city which is nothing but one gigantic suburb!

TOC: There they go across the end of the street. Flags, banners, bands! What can all this be?

MUSIC: BRING IT WELL UP: LET IT GO FOR A BIT. HOLD UNDER

SOUND: CHEERS FROM TIME TO TIME

ONE: Three cheers for the Clockmakers! CHEERS: PAUSE

TWO: Three cheers for the Plumbers and Gasfitters! CHEERS PAUSE

THREE: Three cheers for the Bakers!

MUSIC: UP AGAIN: THEN DOWN TO BG FOR TOC AND BEAU.

TOC: Beaumont, I can hardly believe my own eyes. This is a parade of tradesmen, of mechanics. Look at them, look at the banners! The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker!

BEAU: It is miraculous! Did you ever see such assurance, such confidence, such calm complacency with which these fellows hold up all the traffic and listen to the cheers of the people.

TOC: It is with justification. The Governor told us that these people think that the carrying on of trade is something to which a man may honourably devote his whole life.

BEAU: And look at their clothes! Sleek coats, glossy hats, gay watchguards, and doe-skin gloves.

VOICE: Hey there! Look at the dandy mechanics! Give 'em three cheers, boys! Three cheers for the dandy mechanics! (CHEERS ARE GIVEN)

MUSIC: BEGINS TO DIE AWAY

TOC: The dandy mechanics. It is the right name for them!

BEAU: Come, let us go home. My brains are crammed to bursting. In five minutes, we see more in the streets of New York, than we would in five months at home. I can take no more. I want a rest. And besides, we have a pile of visiting cards and invitations. Pull yourself together, Tocqueville! We have had too much politics, and too much democratic life at first hand. Let us gather ourselves together, and prepare to enter society!

MUSIC: THE DANDY MECHANICS TUNE: SEQUE STRING QUARTET DOING A BAD JOB: ESTABLISH THEN LOSE IN BG.

TOC: I must say, Mr. Livingstone, that I am finding this a charming party.

LIVINGSTONE: Are you really, Mr. Tocqueville? I usually find this kind of affair pretty dull myself.

TOC: It is a social affair, and it has its social interests.

LIV: I see what you mean. Your friend, Mr. Beaumont, seems to be enjoying himself.

TOC: Yes; he is already an admirer of American ladies. So indeed am I. We find them very fresh and natural.

LIV: You will also find them, sir, very moral.

TOC: Of that I am sure.

LIV: You had better be very sure. Our ladies have very free and open manners; but their standard of morality is high: very high; extremely high. Exceedingly high. Excessively high.

TOC: I assure you, sir, neither I nor my friend will ever have any occasion to test the truth of your assertion, which indeed I see proved to me on every side.

LIV: Good. Saves misunderstandings; and one of the drawbacks of American society is that it has a short way with misunderstanding.

TOC: One of the drawbacks? Are there others, Mr. Livingstone?

LIV: Well, this is my house, and my wife's party, so I shouldn't tell you. But I will. There are drawbacks, yes. In my opinion, the chief drawback is the want of intellectual tone.

TOC: In society everywhere surely brainlessness is set at a premium.

LIV: You won't get any argument from me; but I think we are getting worse and worse every day.

TOC: Really? What is the reason?

- LIV: Well, this may surprise you. I think it's because we have the wrong inheritance law.
- TOC: (INDEED SURPRISED) The inheritance law?
- LIV: I can still remember, Mr. Tocqueville, when I was young having seen this country peopled with rich proprietors, who lived on their lands and estates like English country gentlemen. They cultivated the mind, and followed certain traditions of thought and manners. High morals and distinction of mind existed at that time among at least a certain class of the nation. Now then, this inheritance law, giving all the heirs equal shares in the estate has constantly worked to destroy and redistribute the fortunes.
- TOC: But in a democracy is this wholly bad?
- LIV: Sir, I do not know. I merely tell you what occurs. Those morals and those ideals became lost; and will soon become extinct. Land changes hands with unbelievable speed; no one has time to become attached to a place. The people have no roots in the country. Every one has to resort to practical work, to trade to maintain himself in the position his father occupied. By the second or third generation, a great family is totally dispersed.
- TOC: You are not a wholehearted enthusiast for trade, then, Mr. Livingston?
- LIV: No sir, I am not. It is the ruin of our country.
- TOC: But...
- LIV: But what?
- TOC: But nothing. Please continue. Is there anything in America resembling the prestige, the influence of landed proprietors?
- LIV: No sir. A man only counts for what he himself is worth.

- TOC: How do the wealthy classes in general like this state of affairs?
- LIV: How do they like it? Well, they bear it. They have to bear it. It is one of the necessities of existence. You might as well put up with it, since there's no way of preventing it.
- TOC: In that case, is there not animosity and hard feeling between the wealthy classes and the rest of the people?
- LIV: None whatsoever. All classes, without exception, took part in the War of Independence; or the Revolution as you probably call it in Europe. Since then, the power of democracy has been so great and so invincible that no one has spoken against it. And in general I can have no complaints. In general, the people as a whole elect to office, the wealthiest and the best educated.
- TOC: I see. But what strikes me most in America is the extreme equality in social relationships. The plutocrat and the labourer shake hands publicly in the street.
- LIV: Equality. Yes, Yes, we have equality; a great deal of it. But perhaps just a little less than you might suppose at first glance. These free and equal manners which have evidently impressed you...
- TOC: And rightly, sir, I hope.
- LIV: And rightly, indeed. But these manners are sometimes no more than formal expressions of feeling.
- TOC: In what way?
- LIV: In this way. The handshake that you see in the street may mean no more than subscribing yourself at the end of a letter: Your very humble servant.
- TOC: Ah, I understand.

- LIV: You see, in America it is vital to be polite to everybody, for everybody has political rights. Of course, here in New York there is a good deal of, what would you call it? financial pride. Among the newly rich, that is. In other words, we Americans recognise something that is recognised the whole world over: the aristocracy of money.
- TOC: So there is an aristocracy after all?
- LIV: Well, if you can use the word aristocracy of a class that changes all the time, and has pretensions but no power.
- TOC: Who does have the power?
- LIV: By and large, I would say the elected officers; the men who fill public office.
- TOC: What kind of men are they?
- LIV: Really, Mr. Tocqueville, you are almost as inquisitive as an American.
- TOC: Sir, from the bottom of my heart, I apologise...
- LIV: Just a little joke. What kind of men fill public office? Usually, I should say, men whose capacity and character place them in the second rank.
- TOC: Even Governor Throop?
- LIV: Throop is a good enough fellow; but no family, no background. No roots. I do not run for office myself. Public positions, you see, do not yield enough money, or enough consideration, or enough power to attract the energies of really distinguished men. It was, of course, quite otherwise, when our Republic was founded. Today unfortunately, we no longer see great statesmen. One's energy and means are employed in other careers. The president, for instance, General Jackson is partly a scoundrel, partly a fool, and partly a mountebank.

TOC: But he was elected by the will of the people.

LIV: The voice of the people is the voice of God? Not, I think, when they called on General Jackson. Now sir, setting the world in order, was always dry work. Let me press you to some punch; and if we move into the other room, I believe one of my daughters is about to favour the company with a rendering of some popular air.

SOUND: DISSOLVE THE CONVERSATION IN A WAVE OF CHATTER: THEN BRING DOWN.

TOC: Hello, Beaumont.

BEAU: What have you found out now?

TOC: Opinions in a democracy are by no means unanimous. And you?

BEAU: That the ladies are charming.

TOC: And virtuous.

BEAU: That is the greatest part of their charm. I must say that if one were to enter American society with the purpose of accomplishing seductions one would find one's time largely wasted.

MUSIC: PIANO STRIKES UP: WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

TOC: Peace! Control your passions; the young lady is about to sing.

SONG: WHERE THE BEE SUCKS: VERY BAD AND PRETENTIOUS: AFTER A WHILE TAKE DOWN TO BG FOR VOICES

TOC: But this is horrible!

BEAU: Vile. Abominable!

TOC: And no one seems to mind.

BEAU: They seem to be enjoying it.

TOC: Perhaps they fancy that this is culture.

BEAU: What a contrast from the dandy mechanics, and their proud march.

TOC: That was a good band.

BEAU: This is a country of contrasts.

TOC: Yes. Mr. Livingstone and General Throop.

BEAU: Let us sneak away!

TOC: A good idea! Before I go to bed tonight, I want to note down my impressions of the day.

MUSIC: TAKES US AWAY: DOWN TO BG UNDER TOC NOTING.

TOC: Everything we see confirms the restless temper of the people. One man tries ten jobs: merchant, lawyer, doctor, minister of religion! He has lived in twenty places, and nowhere found ties to detain him. And why not? Men here have no settled habits; and circumstances prevent them finding any. Many have come from Europe, leaving their life and traditions behind. Through a strange inversion, it is Nature that changes while man stays the same. One single man can give his name to a wilderness that none has crossed before him, can see the first forest tree fall, and the first planter's house rise in the solitude, where a community comes, then a village, and then a vast city. In the short space between birth and death, one man sees all those changes, and thousands of others have done the same. In his youth, he has lived among nations which now no longer exist except in history. In his lifetime, rivers have changed their courses or diminished their flow, the very climate is other than he knew it; and all that is to the American but the first step in a limitless career, a great adventure.

MUSIC: FINALE: ESTABLISH THEN BG FOR TOC:

TOC: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: FINALE UP AND TO END.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER FOUR

TOC: June, 1831: Besides many private social functions, we have now attended a formal dinner in America. I confess that during this august ceremony, I could not refrain from laughing in my beard on thinking of the difference a few thousand miles of ocean makes in the position of men. I thought of the more than subordinate role that I played in France two months ago, and of the comparatively elevated situation in which we are finding ourselves here; the little noise that our mission to inspect prisons has made at home, and the great noise which it makes here, all because of this little bit of seawater which we have crossed on this great adventure.

MUSIC: UP: DOWN TO BG FOR ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

SCHER: Well, Mr. Beaumont, you all ready to leave in the morning. Got to have everything ready, you know.

BEAU: I hope we shall be ready by the morning, but we are not ready now, eh, Tocqueville?

TOC:(JUST OFF) I beg your pardon?

BEAU: Nothing.

SCHER: Quite unimportant, Mr. Tocqueville. Your friend writing up some notes?

BEAU: Yes. He is very diligent in this regard; memoranda, diaries, letters

home to his father, and so forth.

SCHER: Well, if he wants to find his way around this country, he'll have to hurry. I don't entirely believe in it myself; but a great number of my country men firmly believe that if a man means business he'd better look as if he meant business. Now I understand your gentlemen mean to hustle around and see everything; but a lot of people aren't going to understand that unless they see you hustling. We Americans are born in a hurry; and educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand; and lose it just as fast; and then remaking and relosing the whole thing in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive ripping along at thirty miles an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star; and death surprises us like an electric shock!

BEAU:(SMILING) And also Mr. Schermerhorn, you never feel that a good story should be wasted. You prefer the coloured picture to the black and white.

SCHER: (ALSO SMILING) Well, both of them show where the truth lies, but it's a whole heap more fun in colour! How are you making out there, Mr. Tocqueville?

TOC:(JUST OFF) I shall not be long now! I am just making notes of the last parties that we attended.

SCHER: Oh those terrible parties. What did you think of them, Mr. Beaumont?

BEAU: Most interesting.

SCHER: There's a tactful man. How do you like American ladies?

BEAU: Their fascination is exceeded only by their remarkable virtue.

SCHER: Well, I'm an old fashioned man myself. Give me a good sweating square dance. You mark my words, Mr. Beaumont, the waltz is going

to be the ruin of America.

BEAU: Is this another little picture in colour?

SCHER:(GRINS) Well, maybe; but all the same, for an American woman: carefully brought up, with all her habits and opinions already formed...You know what I mean?

BEAU: Indeed I do.

SCHER: Yes sir. Well, for such a fine American woman, brought up with certain notions of propriety to whisk at once into a waltz; to brave the just sentiments of the delicate members of her own sex, and of the other sex (that's you and me, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. Tocqueville, too, when he's through with his journal): people with whom she's been brought up and with whom she continues to associate, well, it does very little credit to her good sense, her delicacy, or her morals. Every woman knows or ought to know that she cannot exhibit herself in the whirling and lascivious windings of a waltz, without calling up the minds of men, feelings and associations, unworthy of the dignity and purity of a delicate female. The lascivious motions, the up-turned eyes, the die-away langours, the dizzy circlings, the twining arms, and projecting front, all combine to waken in the bosom of the spectators (that's you and me, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. Tocqueville, when he's through pen-pushing) analogies, associations and passions, which no woman who values the respect of the world, ought every wilfully to challenge or excite.

BEAU: I agree: in principle.

SCHER: To say nothing of the fact, (and I tell you in confidence, it is undoubted)

that many of these ladies deliberately supply the absence of certain qualities by artificial allurements of dress, and even, (how shall I put it?) artificial pulmonic vivacity.

BEAU: No!

SCHER: Yes!

TOC:(COMING ON) Finished! Now, sir, what is it that you require of us?

SCHER: Only that you start packing, Mr. Tocqueville. You're going up the river to Sing-Sing penitentiary, isn't that right?

BEAU: We are, after all, prison commissioners. This will be our first American prison.

SCHER: Well, the boat will get under way about nine in the morning, and the people will be going on board by four. So if you want a good place, you'd better get ready today. You won't have time tomorrow.

BEAU: But to get up at four in the morning, with the intention of doing something at nine!

SCHER: Mr. Beaumont, if you knew my countrymen better, you wouldn't be at all surprised at such a thing. An American is always on the lookout lest any of his neighbours should get the start on him. If one hundred Americans were going to be shot, they would contend for the priority, so strong is our habit of competition!

MUSIC: OFF TO SING-SING IN THE MORNING.

SOUND: BOAT WHISTLE.

VOICE: SHOUTING: All ashore!

MUSIC: CONTINUING BG UNDER TOCQUEVILLE.

TOC: These kind people, who seem to have no great political questions to debate, and who see nothing more worthy the attention of the Government of France than the state of the prisons and of penal legislation, insist on regarding Beaumont and myself as young men of high merit...

BEAU: Quite right.

TOC:charged with a mission of extreme importance. The French agents themselves treat us with much distinction, and as they know we are of the nobility, they give out on this head details which are of service to us. For you must know, that in this republican democracy, they are a thousand times more fond of nobility, of titles, of crosses, and of all the inconsequential distinctions of Europe than we are in France. The greatest equality reigns here in the laws. It is even to be found in the customs. But in the end, I can assure you, the Devil loses nothing by it. I write you as we are travelling to Sing-Sing, a village thirty miles distant from New York, and situated on what they call the North River. We shall stay there a week to study the discipline of the vast penitentiary which has recently been built there. But in any case, we are delighted to go to Sing-Sing. It is impossible to

MUSIC: SNEAK OUT: CROSS WITH SOUND.

SOUND: SNEAK IN: VOICES ON DECK, WATER, PADDLES ETC.

imagine anything more beautiful than this North or Hudson River. The great width of the stream, the admirable richness of the north bank, and the steep mountains which border its margins make it one of the most admirable sights in the world.

BEAU: That seems both clear and accurate. I congratulate you, Tocqueville.

All the same, this panorama that lies before us is not the America I should like to see. Every day, I envy the first Europeans, who two hundred years ago discovered the mouth of the Hudson River, and first penetrated its current. Think of that far-off time, Tocqueville, when these two banks, were covered with numberless forests, and only the smoke of the savages was to be seen above the place where now buzz the two hundred thousand inhabitants of New York. Think of that, Tocqueville, and be envious.

TOC: All very well, but what do you think of my remarks on the American love of titles?

BEAU: True enough; but you don't mention the reason for it.

TOC: What is the reason?

BEAU: Very simple. It is that the American feels himself to be at a disadvantage before the man of title: and in this way, he tries to compensate. No matter how free he is, no matter how wealthy, the American democrat must always feel himself at a disadvantage in the presence of European aristocrat.

YANKEE: Nonsense.

BEAU: I beg your pardon, sir?

YANKEE: I can tell you gentlemen are Europeans.

TOC: I can tell you, sir, are an American.

YANKEE: You can call me a Yankee and not go far wrong. But I know Europe. I've been there a lot. I was in Russia when I was nineteen, and I wasn't at a disadvantage before any European aristocrats, and you'll allow, I

suppose, that it's as hard for a foreigner to make an impression in Russia as anywhere on earth.

TOC: Most assuredly.

YANKEE: Well, I turned up when I was nineteen at St. Petersburg, which is their capital. Isn't that right, Mr. Dallas?

DALLAS: Perfectly correct. I was stationed at the Embassy at that time, when this gentleman appeared with his bony arms sticking out of his coat sleeves, his trousers half-way up to his knees, and his pockets full of... what were they full of in those days?

YANKEE: Coppers and ten-penny nails, I reckon, mostly. Anyway, I just walked in just as I was, as proud as could be:

MUSIC: SNEAK UNDER PRECEDING SPEECH: BRING UP AND TAKE OUT.

YANKEE: Morning. I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the Emperor; what do they call him, the Tsar?

DALLAS: Well, sir, why do you wish to see him?

YANKEE: Cause I've brought him a present, all the way from America. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him to give it to him with my own hands.

DALLAS:
(SMILING) I ought to warn you it's such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return that I'm afraid the Emperor will only consider this a trick. A Yankee trick. What have you brought him?

YANKEE: A acorn.

DALLAS: An acorn! What under the sun possessed you to bring the Emperor of

all the Russias an acorn?

YANKEE: Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington, to see about a pension, and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn right there, and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him, with it.

DALLAS: My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to come near the Emperor, and I'm afraid he'll take no notice of your present. You'd better keep it.

YANKEE: I ain't going to keep it. I tell you, I want to talk to him. I except I can tell him a thing or two about America. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our new railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, it may put him up to getting him doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor of Russia. And I should like to see his wife and children, too. I want to see how such folks bring up a family.

DALLAS: Well, sir, since you're so determined, I'll do what I can for you; but you'd better expect to be disappointed. Whatever you do's going to be rather unusual, but I guess you'd better begin by calling on the vice-chancellor, and stating your wishes. He may be able to help you.

YANKEE: Thank you; that's all I want from you. The vice-chancellor. I'll call again and let you know how I got on.

MUSIC: QUICK LITTLE BRIDGE

YANKEE: Hello, there, Mr. Dallas.

DALLAS: Well, if it isn't the young fellow that was going to see the Emperor. How did you make out?

YANKEE: How do you think I made out? Saw him, of course; had a long talk with him.

DALLAS: What!

YANKEE: He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him that acorn I showed you, he set great store by it; said there was no character in ancient or modern history that he admired as much as he did our General Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand.

DALLAS: It was very kind of him to say that.

YANKEE: He did it, too. I watched him with my own eyes. And all the things he wanted to ask me about our schools, and rail-roads, and one thing or another; well, he invited me to come again and meet his daughters. Said his wife could speak English better than he could. So she could, too; though he did pretty well for a Russian.

DALLAS: And did you meet the princesses and the Tsarina, the Empress?

YANKEE: The wife? Sure; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals.

DALLAS: What did the Empress say to you?

YANKEE: Oh, she asked me a sight of questions. And do you know, she thought we had no servants in America. Well, I told her, poor folks did their own work, but rich folk had plenty of servants. "Aha," says she, "But then you don't call them servants," says she, "you call 'em help," says she! "Hay," says I, "I guess you've been reading books about us."

says I. We had some books about us on the ship coming across.

DALLAS: What did she say to that?

YANKEE: Well, right there, the Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. "You're right," says he, "You're right! We sent for some English books on America, and she's been reading them this very morning." Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I expected to go back in the same ship. So then I bid 'em good-bye all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig.

DALLAS: No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky, for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with such distinctions.

YANKEE: Well, I may be seeing him; and if I do, I'll keep you posted. Let you know how the other half lives.

MUSIC: SHORT QUICK BRIDGE.

DALLAS: Back again.

YANKEE: Right you are!

DALLAS: Well, what have you been up to now. By the way, I checked. Everything you told me was true!

YANKEE: Sure. The things that happen to me, I don't need to lie.

DALLAS: Well, what has happened to you?

YANKEE: First place, I guess I'll stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well.

T'other day one of them grand officers come to me room, and told me the Emperor had told him off to show me all the curiosities, so I dressed myself up, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses, and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?

DALLAS: It seems so incredible that I don't know what to think. I really don't.

YANKEE: Well, don't strain yourself. Just remember a Yankee can do anything he puts his mind to.

MUSIC: SHORT QUICK BRIDGE.

YANKEE: Good day, Mr. Dallas.

DALLAS: I hardly dare listen to you. What have you been up to now?

YANKEE: Don't fret yourself. I'm pulling out. I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor and bid him good bye.

DALLAS: Very courteous of you.

YANKEE: Well, I couldn't hardly do no less, what with him being so civil. Says he, "Is there anything else you'd like to see before you go back to America." "Yes," says I, "there is," says I. "I should like to get a peep at Moscow." I've heard tell a lot, you know, about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I've read a great deal about General Bonaparte; but it would ha' cost me a sight of money to get to Moscow, and I wanted to carry my earnings back home to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and off I come. Now what do you guess he did next morning?

DALLAS: I've no guesses left.

YANKEE: Well, I vow he sent that same officer over, in full regimentals mind you,

to carry me to Moscow in one of the Emperor's own carriages, and bring me back again when I'd seen all that I wanted to see. And I'm sailing tomorrow morning. What do you think now, Mr. Dallas?

MUSIC: UP: DOWN TO BG: LOSE UNDER DALLAS' SPEECH AS CROSS FADE WITH:

SOUND: VOICES ON DECK, WATER, PADDLES ETC.

DALLAS:(FADING IN)and as sure as I'm sitting here on this boat talking to you. gentlemen, the next morning this fellow came clattering by the American Embassy in a splendid coach and four belonging to the Emperor of all the Russias and he was hanging half out of the window, waving his handkerchief, and yelling, "Goodbye, goodbye," at the top of his lungs, which was pretty considerable in those days.

YANKEE: Still is.

DALLAS: And what do you think of that?

TOC: But is this true?

DALLAS: I checked every last word of it; and I can assure you, it's perfectly.

YANKEE: In any case, as I said to Mr. Dallas in St. Petersburg, the things that happen to me, I don't need to lie. Now who but a Yankee could have done that?

TOC: I am interested that you mention to the Emperor the things that we have noticed; the free schools, the railroads, the material progress. I also notice that you make your trip to Russia for the purpose of trade.

YANKEE: Trade's my life.

TOC: That I understand. But I still do not understand how you, sir, a stranger,

and a young man...nineteen?

YANKEE: Nineteen.

TOC: Very well; how you could gain the entrée to the Imperial Court.

YANKEE: Well, I'll tell you how. If you're going to spend a little time in our country, this may be useful to you. We think a man can do anything. Anyone told you that before?

BEAU: Not in so many words, but we have noticed a great flexibility.

YANKEE: Well, that's what we believe. We believe a man can do anything. We believe if something needs to be done, then someone can do it. We believe the people can do what they want to. If they want something, they can get it. That's what we believe; and that's the way we act. If we think anything needs to be changed: and, gentlemen, I mean anything, from the face of the planet itself to the most complicated of human institutions; if we think it ought to be changed, we know it can be changed; and we know that we can change it. And we go right ahead and do it. Now you remember that.

TOC: We certainly shall. Nobody has put it to us quite like that; but we have noticed change and alteration on all sides.

DALLAS: Good. What he's telling you's the truth, you know; and there's evidence coming into sight right round that bend.

BEAU: Where do you mean?

DALLAS: That great stone building there. Sometimes, gentlemen, we think human nature ought to be changed; we know it can be changed; and we know that we can change it. And we go right ahead and do it. That structure there is a machine for changing human nature. It's the new Penitentiary of Sing-Sing.

TOC: But this is our destination.

YANKEE: You surprise me. I hadn't set you two fellows down for jailbirds.

TOC: No, no; we are French prison commissioners; we are in your country chiefly to study your prisons and what do you call them, penitentiary? So that building there is the penitentiary of Sing-Sing!

MUSIC: DARK: QUIET AND OMINOUS

WARDEN: Welcome, to Sing-Sing, gentlemen. How do you like our penitentiary?

TOC: Sir, Mr. Warden (how should I address you?)

WARDEN: Mr. Warden'll do fine. (THROWAWAY)

TOC: This word penitentiary; it interests us very much. These places you very often seem to call penitentiaries, rather than prisons. Why is this?

WARDEN: A prison is a place to shut a man up, to keep away from society; as a menagerie shuts up a fierce tiger. Very well, a penitentiary is a place for penitents; a place for a man to do penance; in other words, a place to reform him, and send him back to society, converted and improved.

BEAU: And by what means do you attempt this difficult task, Mr. Warden?

WARDEN: Work; and silence.

TOC: Almost the Benedictine rule.

WARDEN: I would know nothing about that, sir; as far as I am concerned this is the rule of Mr. Elam Lynds, who was the first warden of Sing-Sing. Sometimes we call it the Auburn system, because Mr. Lynds started the system when it was at Auburn prison, upstate a piece. That was ten years ago.

BEAU: And do you find this system works?

WARDEN: You gentlemen will be here for a week or more; you'll judge for yourself how it works. I'll tell you how this building was put up, and that may give you some idea. Very well at Auburn, Mr. Lynds put the convicts in cell blocks at night; and by day they all worked together, under a few guards: in absolute silence.

TOC: To prevent possible conspiracy?

WARDEN: Yes; and also to prevent possible contamination; even a bad man can be contaminated by a worse. And also to give the men a chance to meditate on their crimes, and to realise that they offended against the laws of man and of God. Very well. In eighteen twenty five; about six years ago, the State of New York resolved to construct another, and still larger House of Correction, near New York City. This one, in fact, Elam Lynds was put in charge of the project. Do you know what he did?

TOC: No, Mr. Warden.

WARDEN: He took with him exactly one hundred convicts from Auburn, and set them up here in a camp; a work camp; a silent work camp.

BEAU: Work and silence.

WARDEN: Exactly. Those convicts themselves built the first cell-block at Sing-Sing. They worked unmanacled, and almost unguarded; at night, they slept in tents. And none tried to escape; not one!

TOC: Incredible!

WARDEN: It created a sensation.

BEAU: But was this due to the personality of Elam Lynds?

WARDEN: In part, I am sure it was. He was an ex-soldier; and truly a man of iron. He dominated those men by force of character. I'll tell you

something about him, and that may give you some idea. He once heard that a certain man was out to get him. He sent for that man to come to his room. The man was frightened, but Mr. Lynds seemed not to notice. Then he ordered the man to give him a good close-shave: a would-be murderer. The man obeyed; his nerve had gone. Very well. After the shave, Mr. Lynds dismissed him, and do you know what he said?

TOC: I cannot conceive.

WARDEN: Mr. Lynds turned to that man, and said, "I knew that you wanted to kill me; but I despised you too much to believe that you would ever have the courage to execute your design. Alone, and without arms, I am always stronger than all of you." Very well. Mr. Lynds had great personal authority; but behind there stood the authority of his system. He is no longer warden; but look out of the window. Do you see any walls?

BEAU: No.

TOC: But I see swarms of convicts labouring in the open; what are they doing, working with stone?

WARDEN: They're stone-breaking, yes. We have here today nearly a thousand desperate criminals. We keep them here without walls, and they work in the open. There have been no attempts at revolt; and, as you can see, the convicts work unmanacled. Very well, now, gentlemen, I have assigned to you the inspector's quarters in the prison; and you may pursue your studies from there. You will find it unavailing to mingle with the men, in the hope of overhearing something. Not a word is ever spoken. But if you wish to know about the men, I refer you to the prison chaplain. Call me on, gentlemen, in any way in which I can be of service.

I trust your stay here will be profitable.

MUSIC: LONGISH BRIDGE

TOC: Nine days now; and a mass of information. How long will it take us to compile our reports?

BEAU: Nine hundred dangerous men held in subjection by thirty men. It is incredible.

TOC: It is dreadful. Do you not feel the strain, the tension in the atmosphere; work and silence, yes; but also fear, and a terrible sense of impending disaster.

BEAU: No disaster has ever taken place.

TOC: True; but although the discipline is perfect, it rests on fragile foundations. It is due to a tour de force, which is reborn unceasingly and renewed daily, under penalty of compromising the whole system of discipline.

BEAU: Certainly I do not think this system would do in France.

TOC: I believe not. The discipline established seems a very slippery ground on which clever and firm men maintain themselves with skill and success, but on which it might easily happen to them to fall.

BEAU: To say nothing of the fact, that I am beginning to come to the conclusion that this democracy is fundamentally grave and serious. To imitate a serious people would be very dangerous for a people whose nature is apt to be lively and witty.

TOC: The seriousness is very true, Beaumont; but indeed I wonder whether it is ever wise for one people to imitate another, just as I wonder whether it is ever wise for one people to urge another to imitate them. This is something on which I feel very inconclusive.

BEAU: I fear our studies of the last nine days have been somewhat inconclusive. All this mass of evidence; and so little that we can be sure of.

TOC: We may have been exhausted by the subject, but I am sure we can say the subject has been exhausted by us. Look: we have the materials to prove that the penitentiary system reforms, and that it does not reform: that it is costly, and that it is cheap; that it is easy to administer, and that it is impracticable; in short, that it suits, and that it does not suit France, according to the taste of the selector.

BEAU: And we guarantee to support each of these assertions with pertinent examples.

TOC: All these doubts we must try to set forth clearly in our prison reports. But there is something I have seen in Sing-Sing that I must know more about; and something that we can only find out about outside the walls of the penitentiary.

BEAU: What is that?

TOC: Religion: morality and religion. As soon as we return to New York City, Beaumont, I propose to try and find out about religion in a democracy.

MUSIC: FINALE: ESTABLISH: THEN BG FOR TOC.

TOC: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude, or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: FINALE UP AND TO END.

TITLE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER FIVE

TOC: I do not question that the great austerity of manners that is observable in the United States arises, in the first instance, from religious faith; and furthermore, in the United States, religious zeal is perpetually warmed by the fires of patriotism. Despotism may govern without faith; but Liberty cannot.

MUSIC: UP: AND DOWN TO BG FOR OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

TOC: Well, Beaumont; we have spent nine days here at Sing Sing, and what have we achieved?

BEAU: An insight into the penitentiary system; that, after all, is why we were sent here from France.

TOC: Also an insight into the American people; we have been received into several charming homes.

BEAU: (HUMOROUS) Tocqueville, I must speak to you about this. I must warn you that affability can be carried too far.

TOC: Am I excessively affable? I thought I was always accused of being too reserved in society.

BEAU: Your character has changed completely. You are too affable and too gallant.

TOC: Is such a thing possible? (THEY ARE BOTH JOKING)

BEAU: To people who are not deaf, it is very easy. Last night, for instance. Here it is June.

TOC: True

BEAU: Overwhelmingly hot.

TOC: Undoubtedly.

BEAU: We find ourselves in the parlour of a truly respectable lady.

TOC: No question of that.

BEAU: She numbers at least forty five summers; and yet she is passionately fond of music: an unhappy passion, if ever there was one.

TOC: Alas, how true!

BEAU: But you, you encourage her! For two mortal hours, she bellows as if the devil himself possessed her; and you sit beside her, nodding and smiling, and applauding each tirade. You really had the air of enjoying yourself, Tocqueville: the expression of happiness was painted on your face. And yet not only was she ugly, old; she was also a detestable musician.

TOC: I agree that the Americans' love of music is exceeded only by their extreme incompetence in its performance. But the lady was anxious to please.

BEAU: And you were anxious to be pleased.

TOC: I came here to be pleased; and look at the work we have already accomplished. All these notes; all these documents; and all on the Sing Sing penitentiary.

BEAU: And no conclusion in sight.

TOC: None. Only endless questions. Here is one, for instance, that is concerning me very much. Do you remember last Sunday, the Warden took us over to a kind of chapel, where there was a church service going on.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN SOUND OF MEN SINGING HYMN: KEEP BG DURING FLASHBACK SCENE.

While we watched from the doorway, you appeared to be taking notes on the dimensions of the building; but I was watching the faces of the men: very quiet, and yet uneasily intent, and they sang their hymns and listened to the preacher.

WARDEN: (ALL VERY QUIET) I guess we're a little late for the sermon. Looks as if the preacher's just delivered it.

TOC: What sect is the preacher.

WARDEN: Now, I don't rightly know just who was up this Sunday. There was some talk of Presbyterian; but maybe it was one of the Methodists. Tell you this, though; we have trouble getting good chaplains out here at the prison.

TOC: Why is that?

WARD: Don't pay enough, I guess. Even the preacher's got to live, you know.

TOC: Do all the Methodists go to the church one Sunday, and the Presbyterians the next, and so on?

WARD: NO, no, no; all the men go every Sunday. We just let each of the preachers talk to them in turn; it all works out very well, just so long as they stick to general morality, and don't go pushing dogmas too far.

TOC: But this is astounding...Beaumont; do you hear what this gentleman is telling us?

BEAU: What is he telling us?

TOC: That it makes no difference what sect the minister represents...

WARD: So long as he gives them general Christian morality.

TOC: (THOUGHTFUL) To criminals, then, there is no one church that the true faith.

WARD: And you'll find the same outside the walls. As far as religion goes, you'll find a lot of toleration over here.

MUSIC: FADE OUT SINGING DURING NEXT SPEECH AS WE RETURN FROM FLASHBACK.

TOC:

Well, I should very much like to know how a lively and sincere faith can get on with such a perfect toleration, how can one have equal respect for religions whose dogmas differ; and finally what real influence on the moral conduct of the Americans can be exercised by this religious spirit whose outward manifestations are so noticeable?

BEAU:

And the poor Warden had no answer?

TOC:

None. And nor have I. You see, Beaumont, might it not be that this outward show of religion has more breadth in it than depth? Might not all these sects compete with one another in the minute observance of their cults, and of the moral principles which religion commands? Might they not compete?

BEAU:

I should think it certain that they do.

TOC:

Then perhaps some of this religious zeal is due to conceit and emulation rather than to conviction of the truth.

BEAU:

That I do not believe. Frankly, I consider the United States one of the most religious countries that I have ever encountered. But we shall arrive back in New York on a Sunday. We shall be able to attend the services; and perhaps also we can speak to some of the priests.

MUSIC:

TO SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

TOC:

How silent everything is.

BEAU:

How empty.

TOC:

The streets are deserted.

BEAU:

Sunday is very different from weekdays.

SOUND:

CARRIAGE IN DISTANCE: BRING CLOSER.

TOC:

Listen; here comes a carriage; you can hear it far away.

BEAU: There it goes across the square; no, it's being stopped. How very odd! That man in the checkered greatcoat is stopping it, and turning it back. What can be going on?

TOG: Let us by all means hurry over and find out!

GREATCOAT: (IN DISTANCE: FADE ON) Well, I don't know; the service should be out in about fifteen minutes; then you can go through here.

COACHMAN: (OFF) Well, how can I get down to the Battery?

GREATCOAT: Two blocks over; turn to the left; then right again; then keep going.

COACHMAN: Well, lead the horse round for me, will you?

GREATCOAT: Happy to oblige!

SOUND: THE HORSE IS LED ROUND AMID MANY HORSEY SHOUTS AND MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT.

GREATCOAT: Morning to you, gentlemen.

TOG: Good morning, sir. Might I enquire why you are turning back carriages?

BEAU: Has there been some accident down the street?

GREAT: You gentlemen from foreign parts?

TOG: We are from France.

GREAT: Ah! Well, that accounts for it. What I'm doing here, gentlemen, is protecting the worshippers in that church over there from being disturbed by passing carriages.

BEAU: But how remarkable! to close off the streets near a church? This must be very unusual.

GREAT: You're wrong there. In some neighborhoods, it's quite the regular thing to ask people not to drive past during divine service.

TOG: We have only been here a few weeks, but we have noticed that your people invariably make a point of attending some church service.

GREAT: (A CONTRADICTION) No, you don't have that straight. Go down and take a look at the Hoboken ferries. Every single Sunday you'll find ten thousand people going over to the country for a breath of fresh air, and a sight of green fields. Same thing with the Harlem omnibusses; seen one of them?

BEAU: I think so...

GREAT: I believe you haven't; you'd remember it if you had. Double-deckers, like a steamboat. Every Sunday, out they go, too, filled to overflowing. And in the evening you'll see the folks coming back from the woods and fields and Harlem, all laden down with green boughs and bunches of flowers. Lovely sight. You see, Sunday's probably the only day the working man has a chance to take his wife and family out for an airing.

TOG: So Americans are not as conscientious in Sunday observance as we had thought?

GREAT: It'd be a great mistake to think that. Heard of what they call the night blooming cereus?

BEAU: I have heard of it.

GREAT: It's a flower; you wait years for it to open. Well, there's one near here. Last year it opened; but it chanced to be on a Sunday evening, and a lot of people wouldn't go to see it. Conscientious scruples.

TOG: The sentiments do them credit.

GREAT: How do you make out that? If there was anything wrong in coming out on a Sunday, I should have thought the flower might have known about it. May I enquire what church you gentlemen belong to?

BEAU: We are Roman Catholics.

GREAT: Well, we have plenty over here: we have plenty of everything. Any kind of religion you want.

TOG: This we observed; and we have been much struck by the very high ethical and moral tone which is maintained by all your numerous varieties of religion. We felt the other day they were almost maintaining a sort of competition in morals.

GREAT: Well, if you thought that, you were wrong.

BEAU: (SOTTO) I feared as much.

GREAT: You'd be shocked at some of the things that go on. Why, I was in what they call a revival meeting right here in the State of New York. Forty days and forty nights; relays of ministers kept it going.

TOG: Somewhat unusual, but very devout.

GREAT: Not at all unusual; and not so devout. Some of the young fellows; well, every so often I'd see one of them go over to a lady, and take her by the hand, and squeeze it, and gaze into her eyes. A friend of mine was there: married lady: fine figure of a woman. Only accompanied by her two daughters. No husband or brother with them. One of the preachers got so attracted by her, that he reached under her bonnet, and tried to... well, I suppose he'd call it "salute her with a holy kiss." Well, I saw it, and I rose up to proclaim the offence and resent it on the spot.

TOG: I suppose the man was put out at once.

GREAT: Nothing of the kind. The lady stopped me taking any action. Said it might have broken up the meeting, and brought on a scandal on revivals generally, whereas it was merely the offence of one man.

BEAU: What a shocking story. Indeed, we have several times heard that these meetings are often conducted with scandalous displays of public emotion.

GREAT: Then you've been misinformed. If this one thing you'll find in America, it's the high standard of morality, both public and private, and if there's one place you'll find the quiescence of that morality, it is among the ordained clergy; be they of whatever sect you care to mention. Hereabouts, ministers of religion are not like mere signposts that point out the road without traveling the journey themselves. They truly lead their flocks.

TOG: I must confess that I was very surprised to hear this story of yours. It is the very first and only time I have ever heard anything derogatory to the conduct of any of your clergymen...

GREAT: Well... (THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD)

BEAU: But before you can tell us that we are wrong again, and should have kept our eyes open...

GREAT: I wasn't going to say anything of the kind, sir; you made a mistake there.

BEAU: I am glad to hear it. But what we have noticed is this: that religion in America is more philosophy than, what shall I say? a study in the miraculous. Your clergy speak so often of the goods of this world. Very often one meets a politician where one expected to find a priest.

GREAT: Well, if you're interested in the miraculous, I can tell you something that happened in upper New York State; on the banks of the Seneca. Been up there?

TOG: No; but we leave in a day or two for Albany. We hope to be there during your Independence Day celebrations.

GREAT: Pity you aren't going to be in New York City; this is much more of a live town for a celebration. However, what I was going to tell you about occurred in upstate New York. The center of the interest was a lady by the name of Jemima Wilson. Heard of her?

OG: No; let me take a note of her name.

REAT: Hardly necessary; though she did let on she was going to save the world. She attracted a few followers; quite a number, as a matter of fact. I guess they were a trifle more mad than the good lady was herself. Anyway, Jemima Wilson started up quite a few miracles: talking in unknown tongues, mostly, and occasionally giving off with prophecies of the sort of inscrutable kind. But one day she sort of committed herself to something a little more tangible. She let on that she was going to walk across the lake, starting from a place called Rapelyeas Ferry. Idea was to test the faith of her followers. If you should chance to be by the ferry any time, you can see the platform which she had made for the great day. She turned up in a very elegant carriage, Jemima did, and stopped a few hundred yards from the shore. Then she walked slowly down to this platform that you can see that slopes into the water. All the way down, there were crowds of people throwing white handkerchiefs under her feet for her to walk on. Well, sir, she announced again she was going to walk on the water clear across that lake; and I'm told that she actually got herself ankle-deep into the water. Then she suddenly stopped, and addressing the multitude, "O ye people," says Jemima, "do ye have faith that I can pass over." All the multitude assures her that they do have faith; all the faith in the world. "In that case," says Jemima, "if ye truly believe in my powers, there is no need for me to display them." and back she goes to the carriage, and off she goes home. I see they're coming out of church now. You'll have to excuse me now; I have to meet my wife. Hope I've been of some assistance to you. Good bye gentlemen!

OTH: Goodbye, sir!

TOG: What an extraordinary story. Is it true, do you think?

BEAU: I heard something of the kind at one of those gatherings; I think it is true but certainly not typical. I think this man was trying to impress us with the more spectacular and scandalous side of religion in America.

TOG: Unquestionably; but one cannot find out the center unless one has walked the boundaries. These are the boundaries of American religion. At the center lies the fervent purity of manners which we have so often observed. We must never forget, Beaumont, that religion gave birth to American society. It is mixed with all the habits of the nation; and even American patriotism is peculiarly religious. But I confess I should like to discuss this matter with some of the clergy.

BEAU: Well, we will keep our eyes open, and we shall see what can be done. I am sure in a country where all men are so approachable, the clergy will prove to be no exception.

MUSIC: OVER TO THE INTERVIEW WITH THE CLERGY.

TOG: It is very good of you, Father Power, to receive us with such cordiality.

POWER:(IRISH) I'm very happy to be of service to you gentlemen. Another glass of wine.

BEAU: Thank you so much. You know it's a very odd thing, Father Power: while we were at the service, we almost imagined ourselves back in France. Tocqueville here, in fact, spoke to one of his neighbours in French, and I think very much surprised him. (THE OTHERS CHUCKLE) But when you came to preach your admirable sermon, we knew at once that we were in America and not in France; and not only because you were speaking in English.

POWER: What did I say that seemed to you so remarkably American?

BEAU: It was not what you said, perhaps, so much as what you did not say. In the first place, you seem to have no prejudice whatsoever against republican institutions.

POWER: Certainly not.

BEAU: And in the second place, you seem to regard education as very favourable both to morality and to religion.

POWER: "The truth shall make you free." Are you really so surprised?

BEAU: In France the Church is certainly not at present on the side of republicanism.

POWER: Over here there's such a thing as the separation of Church and State. Several of the States have it written into their constitutions. New York State's one of them. Let's see: how does it go? I've had it quoted at me by certain of my parishioners often enough that I ought to be able to remember it. "And whereas the ministers of the Gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to the service of God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their functions; therefore no minister of the Gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall at any time hereafter, under any pretence or description whatsoever, be eligible to, or capable of holding, any civil or military office or place within this state." And in case, gentlemen, you're thinking that the church is weakened by this kind of provision, let me tell you, unhesitatingly (and the Protestant ministers'll say the same) that the reason why religion is as dominant as it is in the life of this country is precisely because of this separation of Church and State.

TOG: You really feel that, Father Power?

POWER: I am absolutely convinced of it: absolutely.

BEAU: There is, of course, no established religion in America.

POWER: Not in the sense that you mean: but I should myself that very often men seem to act as if the worship of Opinion was the established religion of the country.

TOC: Not the worship of Wealth?

POWER: Oh, wealth, yes. The old country estimation of wealth has stayed with us, though I hope and trust it's somewhat diminished. I'll admit that every man works for it in America, and not quite every man does so in the old countries; all the same it doesn't seem to me that wealth is quite as important as an idol, a snare, a deception, as this other thing. The worship of public Opinion is the leading heresy around here, in my humble opinion.

BEAU: You seem very tolerant in your views, Father Power. Is this true of all American Catholics?

POWER: It's true of most of them, I should say; we're now the largest single communion in New York; but we're still in a minority. So I shouldn't wonder if some of us are more tolerant when they belong to a minority than when they have the numbers on their side.

BEAU: But even so, American Catholics seem to love democracy as much as members of other religions.

POWER: Oh, certainly. And they take it away with them when they go abroad. I was hearing only the other day of a lady from Charleston, South Carolina. Very distinguished Catholic family, but the name wouldn't mean anything to you. This lady was on a visit to Europe, and she paid a visit to Rome. Now naturally she was anxious to have an audience with the Holy Father; and she had an introduction to one of the Cardinals, and sure enough, of course, he was very pleased to arrange for her to attend a general audience; you know, when there's a lot of people there and they all receive the Holy Father's blessing. But this wasn't good enough for her. No,

- POWER: (CONTINUED) indeed, she wanted to talk to His Holiness. No, says, the cardinal, it's not allowed: that's an honour confined to princesses of the blood, the daughters of sovereigns. Then this lady gave him the answer: straight. "But, sir," she says, "I am a princess of the blood, and the daughter of a sovereign: for in America, the people are all sovereigns, and I am the daughter of one of the people!"
- BEAU: A truly Spartan reply.
- POWERS: Very much so; and it had its effect. His Holiness heard about it, and was so pleased with it, that he granted an interview; and that American lady was admitted to an honour to which no lady of private station had ever before aspired. Now there's an American Catholic for you; and if you want to know what an American Protestant is like, I'll give you an introduction to one of the Anglican ministers here, a friend of mine, the Reverend Doctor Wainwright!
- MUSIC: "A MIGHTY FORTRESS": FOR DR. WAINWRIGHT.
- TOG: Now, Dr. Wainwright, let me take a fresh page in my notebook while I ask you about village life in America.
- WAIN: We have no villages in America, sir; if by villages you mean centers populated by farmers. The landowner lives on the land, and the houses are all scattered about. What you call villages should be called towns, since the populations consist of merchants, artisans and lawyers...
- TOG: I interrupt you at the last word. Lawyers then are so very common with you?
- WAIN: Much more, sir, than in any part of Europe.
- TOG: Where do they fit into society.
- WAIN: They take a leading part; and exert great influence.
- TOG: With us, lawyers are very often somewhat radical.

- WAIN: I am aware of that fact, sir; but with us, the contrary is the case. Indeed, I think we should already have revised our civil laws, except that our lawyers obstinately defend the abuses and obscurities by which they profit.
- TOC: Do they play a great part in the legislature?
- WAIN: They do indeed, sir; but it has not passed unnoticed that our very greatest statesmen and orators have not been lawyers.
- TOC: Is it true, as I am told, that morals remain very pure?
- WAIN: Conjugal fidelity is admirably kept...
- TOC: I was speaking of legal morality; but pray do not let me interrupt you!
- WAIN: As I say then, conjugal fidelity, yes. Virtue before marriage... well. It very often happens in the country (not in our cities) that the very great liberty enjoyed by our young people of both sexes has its drawbacks. I may say, sir, that the savage aborigines who surround us carry disregard for chastity even higher. Many of them do not even regard it as a virtue at all, still less a moral obligation.
- TOC: But the churches themselves work continually to improve these conditions.
- WAIN: Certainly; all denominations not only send missionaries to the heathen; but also to the new territories of the west. All churches are very active here.
- TOC: But not in politics?
- WAIN: Certainly not.
- BEAU: Do you find no point of conflict between religious ideas and political doctrines?
- WAIN: None, sir; none whatsoever. They are two entirely separate worlds in each of which an honest and conscientious man may live in peace.

- G: I should like to hear why you think this is so, Dr. Wainwright.
- IN: Is there any doubt in the matter? I believe not, sir. It is because the ministers of the various sects have never entered politics and have never been or pretended to be a political power. We should think that we were injuring our standing if we were to concern ourselves with a political matter. A great number among us even abstain from voting at the elections; that's what I myself am always careful to do.
- AU: But we have noticed in America political ideas seem to be invested with what you might almost call a religious aura.
- IN: Very true, very true, Mr. Beaumont; a religious aura; but not a sectarian one. You are quite right if you feel that to the vast majority of Americans the Union itself has an almost sacred feeling connected with it. This is why we find it so hard to reply when people ask us what is the value of the Union, what is the use of the Union? The question is as offensive as to ask any right minded man what is the use of religion. The Union is more than a matter of high utility to Americans. It has been idealised into an object of love and veneration. We cry in our hearts with King Lear: "O reason not the need". In our political and public life, we frown upon clericalism; but we warmly encourage religion. Have you seen yesterday's paper? The New York Spectator?
- G: I believe not.
- IN: I have it by me, and I'll find you a paragraph which will impress you.
- UND: PAPER RUSTLING
- IN: A witness appeared in court and declared that he did not believe in the immortality of the soul; and the judge refused to admit any of his evidence on the grounds that he had destroyed the confidence of the court in the truth of whatever he was about to say. Here we are: read it for yourself; there.

OC: I should like to copy this into my notes if I may.

AIN: My dear sir, you may carry away the journal if you want to.

EAU: Come on, Tocqueville; read what it says.

OC: "The Court of Common Pleas of Chester County, State of New York, a few days since rejected a witness who declared his disbelief in the existence of God. The presiding judge remarked, that he had not before been aware that there was a man living who did not believe in the existence of God; That this belief constituted the basis of all testimony in a court of justice; and that he knew of no case in a Christian country where a witness had been permitted to testify without such belief."

AIN: Thus you may see, gentlemen, the doctrine that we hold so dear, of the separation of Church and State; does not mean that we must separate godly conduct from practical life. On the contrary, it means, if anything, that we Americans judge all our actions, public and private, from the point of view of religious morality; that we have always done so; and that I trust we shall always continue to do so.

USIC: END OF DR. WAINWRIGHT.

OUND: SUBJECT MATTERS: QUIET: OCCASIONAL LAUGHTER BE DURING SCENE

EAU: That was a very remarkable evening, Tocqueville.

OC: Very remarkable. I am beginning to feel that in religion, as in so many other things, we are learning in America that it is not what a man believes that matters so much in his conduct; but the use he makes of his beliefs. I speak, you understand, from a purely practical point of view.

EAU: Of course. I must admit before I left France I thought that America was peopled with philosophic infidels; and that Deism was the worst we could hope for. I must say also, that I am surprised to find religion on the side of freedom.

TOG: The separation of church and state. If we hear our friends in France talk like this again, we shall know how to reply to them. They have never been to America and they never have seen a religious or a free nation. When they return from a visit to this country, we shall hear what they have to say. You know, Beaumont, it is profoundly true that even religion is changed in its uses by men and circumstances. It is a weapon which God has placed in our hands to make use of as we see best.

SOUND: CHURCH BELLS IN FAR DISTANCE HOLD UNDER TO END OF SCENE.

Frankly, Beaumont, I think we are discovering the cement of this democracy. Despotism can govern without faith, but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in this Republic which the Americans set forth on glowing colours than in the monarchies which they attack. It is more needed in democratic institutions than in others. How can society possibly escape destruction if the moral tie is not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can ever be done with a people who are their own masters if they are not generally submissive to the power of God?

MUSIC: BRING IN: ESTABLISH IN QUIET, FIRM TRANSITION: HOLD AG BG UNDER
MOTTO SPEECH

TOG: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: UP TO FINALE

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER SIX

SOUND: DISTANT FIREWORKS EXPLODING FROM TIME TO TIME. BEAT OF PADDLES THROUGHOUT BG.

TOC: Look ! On the other side of the river ! Another fusillade of Rockets !

BEAU: Where?

TOC: They've gone now; you should have looked straight over the paddle box; near where the lights are reflected on the water.

BEAU: Are you positive, Tocqueville, that all these fireworks along the Hudson are not the Americans celebrating their Day of Independence?

TOC: I am not positive, but I am nearly sure of it. Today is July the first. The Americans' ^Day of Independence is...let me see...

CAPTAIN: July Fourth.

TOC: Thank you, sir.

CAP: You're welcome.

BEAU: Perhaps you can oblige us further, sir; and tell us why the night is made brilliant by fireworks wherever our ship goes.

CAP: It's because this ship is in a race up from New York to Albany; and right now we're winning: that's why the ^{Li}udson River towns are cheering us on.

TOC: Then we shall arrive at Albany first?

CAP: Certainly should do. That is, of course, if our boiler don't burst.

MUSIC: SOME ALARM: DOWN TO BG: FOR ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND OUT _ _

SOUND: OCCASIONAL FIREWORKS: PADDLEWHEELS BG AS BEFORE.

TOC: You say, sir, if our boiler does not burst?

CAP. That's right. Don't you reckon yourself that'd kind of put a retardation in the vessel's progress; kind of crimp our style some, maybe?

BEAU: Crimp our style ! Surely it would destroy us completely ! A burst boiler !

CAP: I've been on quite a few vessels where the strength of the boiler has not quite been equal to the zeal and enthusiasm of the presiding officers. Steamboat racing, you know, is quite a pastime here.

TOC: Surely a very hazardous one.

CAP: Oh, it's hazardous; but the passengers love it. There's nothing like taking part in a smacking good steamboat race to liven a voyage up some. If you ask me, you gentlemen are getting mighty good value for your two dollars' worth from New York to Albany. You don't often have the chance of participating in history for the rifling sum of two dollars each, meals extra.

TOC: Shall we participate in history even if the boiler does not blow up?

CAP: I certainly anticipate as much. Open the public prints tomorrow evening, and you'll read eulogies of our ship, the gallant North America, of the North River Steamboat line.

BEAU: Who is our rival in this race?

CAP: The Constellation: Hudson River Steamboat Line. Ain't you glad you took passage with us?

TOC: I shall be able to tell you that when the boyage is over.

CAP: It'll be over tomorrow morning; we should make Albany about five in the morning.

TOC. What a pity we shall not be with you to celebrate your triumph.

CAP: Not be with us: how come? Aiming to jump overboard?

BEAU: We are leaving the vessel at West Point to pay a visit to the Military Academy.

CAP: Not on this voyage, you ain't.

TOC: What !

CAP: No, sir; not on this voyage.

BEAU: But we must stop; we are extremely anxious to visit the American Military Academy; we are from France.

CAP: I don't care if you're from Timbuctoo; this voyage, we're racing the Constellation ain't putting in nowhere. You'll have to alleviate your anxiety all the way back from Albany, if you want to.

BEAU: Are you sure? Tocqueville: Come ! let us speak to the captain.

CAP: Won't do no good.

TOC. It is always worth trying.

CAP: Not this time it ain't. Take my word for it. I'm the captain.

TOC: You'. Then who is directing the vessel?

CAP: Oh, the pilot and the quartermasters, and the rest of them. Tell you one thing, gentlemen, you have a very poor opinion of the spirit and eagerness of the American character if you think there is any power on earth that can detain a steamboat when she is engaged in an important race.

TOC: Except the boiler vursting. (RUEFULLY)

CAP: Right you are; or tearing her bottom out on a rock. Good night. (FADE OFF) gentlemen. Lovely bunch of rockets going up on the left bank there.

- TOC: Oh what an exasperation this is, Beaumont ! That we should be swept past West Point; that we should fail to see the American Military Academy; and all for the sake of a miserable race between these spoplectic steamboats ! I could almost jump overboard and swim ashore; if only I knew which of these spots of light in the darkness was the right place to go.
- BEAU: Perhaps we are in the right place here.
- TOC: To see fireworks, yes; but we are interested in men, and customs. We are not interested in barren adventures of this kind, no matter how spectacular !
- BEAU: Is that the only way you see this evening's experience, Tocqueville? as a spectacular adventure?
- TOC: Why? Do you see it differently?
- BEAU: No. No, I agree with you...but all the same, I cannot help wondering if there is something here that is also part of the America we have come to learn a out; something in this throbbing deck, the beat of the paddle; the hiss of the steam !
- TOC: What are you thinking of?
- BEAU: This is a very wide country. Will it hold together; or will it fall apart into local territories? Perhaps the answer lies with steamboats; railroads; communications of all kinds. Perhaps here too, there is something happening in America that we should know about.
- TOC: Perhaps there is, Beaumont; but we cannot know about everything. You and I are not engineers. If what you say is true; if part of the future of this country is at the mercy of the inventors and the engineers; then an inventor, an engineer must come and write its chronicles. You and I, we are magistrates, we are jurists; our interests and our abilities lie with men and with

TOC: (cont)/the institutions of men. The practice of the Useful Arts lies outside our ability; and indeed, our interest. If this means there is a gap in our study; this cannot be helped. There will be many gaps. But at least let us try and indicate where these gaps are to be found, and their exact dimensions. In the meantime...

BEAU: In the meantime: what?

TOC: In the meantime, let us enjoy the steamboat race and watch the fireworks. But we should soon retire for the night, if we are to arrive in the city of Albany at five o'clock in the morning.

MUSIC: -- THE STEAMBOAT RACE: THEN MORNING IN ALBANY, DOWN TO BG. --

BEAU: July the Second, eighteen thirty one. As the captain predicted, we arrived in Albany about five of a fine summer's morning. Albany counts twenty five hundred inhabitants. It's a tolerably handsome city, well situated. It much resembles Amiens. The Hudson River, which at this point has lost all its grandeur and majesty, quite recalled to me the River Somme. Albany is the political capital of the State of New York. It owes this advantage to its central position. In the last ten years it has doubled its population, and there is no indication that its growth will slow down. The Hudson River joins it to New York, and thence to Europe; and there is a canal to Lake Erie that connects Albany with the regions lying to the west. All this will soon be augmented by a railroad which will link Albany with Schenectady. On our arrival here, we were soon presented to a gentleman by the name of Azariah Cutting Flagg. He is a small man with a very intellectual face. He has the air of a

BEAU: (cont)/ clerk and wears blue stockings; the rest of his toilet is no less neglected. He always lodges at the inn, and the minister of the interior of the State of New York: the Secretary of State, they call him. And this diminutive Mr. Flagg has already loaded us down with every conceivable pamphlet memoir, or book:

MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT AS BEAUMONT FINISHES. _ _ _

FLAGG: Now here's something special; very special; very interesting.
(STACCATO)

TOC: Mr. Flagg, your kindness is overwhelming. You have already loaded us down with a trunkful of these reports; are you sure you can spare them all?

FLAGG: Certainly I'm sure; quite sure. You sure you want them all; that's all that's worrying me; that's all; nothing else.

TOC: I assure you we shall find them invaluable to study at our leisure.

FLAGG: Good, good. I'll set a couple of boys to work turning out some of the old papers; send 'em over, whenever we get an armful; oh, we'll give you reports. Look at that: isn't that lovely? Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools for eighteen twenty nine; where the mischief have the others got to? I had the whole set here for you: there! And this set, too; complete set, invaluable: man can't do without it.

BEAU: What is this set, Mr. Flagg?

FLAGG: Special annual reports to the Legislature of New York State from the Commissioners of the Canal Fund. Opening up the country. You've heard about the Albany-Schenectady railroad, I suppose?

TOC: We have heard there is to be such a thing.

FLAGG: Thrills, thrills! What next? Progress! That must excite you!

TOC: Not so much as it seems to excite the citizens of Albany.

BEAU: Everywhere we go we hear talk of this railroad.

FLAGG: Topical, topical. Can't fight against it. Swim with the current. Progress is what we're in for; but if it doesn't interest you, forget, drop it, leave the whole thing, Men and manners, that's your line; that's what you want to hear about: manners and men; that's your interest. Well, you shall hear about them; you shall read about them; you shall know about them. Will you be here for the Fourth?

TOC: For the what?

FLAGG: Fourth of July.

BEAU: Oh, the Day of Independence.

FLAGG: Independence Day; you must attend all the exercises, all the ceremonies.

TOC: We are most anxious to do that; although we propose to leave Albany on the evening of the Fourth.

BEAU: Might we also attend a sitting of the legislature?

FLAGG: Not sitting; no, there's nothing doing in that line just at present.

TOC: Then where is the central government of the state being carried on?

FLAGG: Central government? Central business? Isn't any; hardly any; not what you'd call central government. You can look around all the bureaus; read all the ledgers, I don't care; but you won't find much in the way of central government in this state. And we're proud of it.

TOC: How are you proud of it? This seems very peculiar.

FLAGG: Initiative; leave things up to the people. The legislature only deals with the whole state; everything else we leave to all the

separate localities. It's the only practical way. Individual ambition in a small circle; that's what keeps the state going, that's what's practical. We use the central government as little as we can; and proud and happy to do so.

TOC: But this is remarkable; it is incredible. Mr. Flagg, I must at once ask you...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DEHAVAN: (JUST OFF) Hello there, Azariah.

FLAGG: Hello, there, Cornelius. Step inside, and pull the door to; private business here, very private.

DEL: I hope I don't intrude.

FLAGG: Not at all Cornelius, glad to see you. Meet these gentlemen, Cornelius; meet them right away.

DEL: If they're the prison commissioners from France, as I hope and believe they are, I shall be most happy to meet them.

FLAGG: That's who they are. Mr. Tocqueville: present Mr. Edward Cornelius Delavan.

TOC: Charmed.

DEL: Happy to meet you, sir.

FLAGG: And Mr. Beaumont; Mr. Delavan. Corny, I'll leave these gentlemen in your hands; little business to attend to; pardon me all; back in an instant. (GOING)

;DEL: Gentlemen, I'm happy to see you persuing all these documents, because I happen to have here a few little pamphlets of my own which I should be pleased if you would carry back with you for the interest and edification of the French people. I've inscribed them all on the title page: "E. C. Delavan's respects"; and I hope you'll forgive the liberty.

- BEAU: We are delighted. Let me see, "Second Annual Report of the New York Temperance Society".
- DEL: Founded by myself in company with Dr. Eliphalet Nott.
- TOC: Most interesting, evidently. What is a Temperance Society?
- DEL: It has to do with the evils of strong drink. I crusade against it.
- BEAU: Of course, we agree with you. Moderation in all things.
- DEL: Temperance, sir, does not mean moderation. As far as strong drink is concerned, temperance means abstinence. Let me draw your attention to some of those fine coloured plates. Section of the liver of a drunkard who died miserably some little while since in Poughkeepsie. Interior of the stomach of a drunkard who perished in agony near Syracuse. Series of cross sections of the spleen...
- TOC: Thank you, we have seen sufficient.
- DEL: Well, they're fine pictures. I'm working now on something which I'll take the liberty of transmitting to you gentlemen, seeing that you're from France. It's to be entitled Temperance in Wine Countries; and I'm sure you'll agree that your unhappy nation certainly qualifies in that category.
- BEAU: Certainly, sir, the wines of France are the pride and delight of the civilized world.
- DEL: Not in this quarter they're not. The cases I've collected; you'd be surprised. If the New York Temperance Society has its way; (and sooner or later it will have its way:) any kind of alcohol will be totally prohibited in this State; and any where else we can prohibit it.
- TOC: But is not this an intrusion on the individual? If you do not like alcohol, well and good; but are all men to be forced to your mould? On what grounds do you propose these extraordinary things?

DEL: On the grounds of morality. You gentlemen are strangers to America; you are from Europe. You are not acquainted with morality. You are not aware of the moral force and power of aroused public opinion, as it is found and cultivated in this free land of ours.

BEAU: Are there a great many reformers in America who seek to influence others to their views on moral grounds?

DEL: A very great many. Some of them, of course, are nothing more than infernal busybodies. There's a gang out to try and prevent Americans from indulging in their inalienable right to chew tobacco. I suspect it's some kind of pernicious foreign outfit. That kind of thing is just nosey-parkerism, far removed from the wholehearted public decency of a movement such as our own. I'll leave all these with you; shall you be staying in town some days? Shall you be here over the Fourth?

BEAU: That is our expectation.

DEL: I trust the elevated tone of the proceedings will not be marred by strong drink and debauchery. However, we shall hope for the best and expect the worst. Gentlemen, your servant! (GOING)

TOC/BEAU: Your servant, sir.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

BEAU: What a strange thing!

TOC: Why so strange? Have you never met a person who disapproves of alcohol?

BEAU: Many such; but never before one who proposes to convert all his fellow countrymen to his way of thinking by persuasion.

TOC: Or perhaps even legislation. But why does this surprise you? This man is an American; do you remember what Governor Throop told us? It is very true. The Americans believe in perfectibility.

Whatever man does, can be done better; man can always be improved. They believe this, and they act upon their belief. This gentleman is just a special example of this general American principle; you see. We see it over and over. Why, even the very War of Independence they will think of as men determined to take perfectibility into their own hands by violent means when all else has failed. It makes one think of all our revolutions. I must confess, I look forward eagerly to the morning of the Fourth of July.

MUSIC: -- TO THE FOURTH: A TOUCH OF YANKEE DOODLE: THEN MERGE GENTLY INTO:--

SOUND: EARLY MORNING BIRD-SONG. ESTABLISH, RUN BG; THEN ADD SOUND

OR ARTILLERY FIRING REGULAR SALUTE

BEAU: (WAKING) Uh? Uh-uh? What is it? What is the matter? Are they at the barricades?

TOC: Quiet, Beaumont. This is not France. We are in America. It is Independence Day, eighteen thirty one, and the loyal citizens of Albany seem to be saluting the dawn with a fusillade of artillery.

BEAU: Not a very pleasant wakening for me. The guns made me dream of the reign of Terror.

TOC: The reign of Terror was over fifteen years before you were born, Beaumont.

BEAU: I know. But my family has told me many stories of the Revolution.

TOC: I know it. My own father and mother barely escaped the guillotine. Of my immediate relatives, my grandfather, my greatgrandfather, an uncle and an aunt were all guillotined. And since then we have had Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the July Revolution last year, Louis Phillipe back

again (with his damned umbrella). All that in forty years. I sympathise with you, Beaumont. I too feel the ice in my bowels when I hear the sound of gunfire in the streets.

BEAU: Your family has always been in the forefront of great affairs, Tocqueville. Min, I must say, has always vegetated peacefully in the country. I do not believe any of my family ever so much as went near the court.

TOC: No, of course not. And yet, when we were living on the estate at Venneuil, I remember an evening which I shall never forget, though I do not think I was very old.

SOUND: IN THE BACKGROUND WOMAN'S VOICE SINGING A SAD SWEET TUNE TO THE VERY GENTLE ACCOMPANIMENT OF AN OLD-FASHIONED PIANO: HOLD BG DURING TOCQUEVILLE'S SPEECH.

We were living then in retirement, my father and mother and all of us. There were other families of the aristocracy in the neighbourhood, and we visited quietly among each other. Napoleon still ruled Europe: the Hundred Days had not yet been counted off; and Waterloo was still only a village near the outskirts of Brussels. There was a family celebration (I don't know what it was) but I do remember that the chateau was full of people: most of them relatives. It was evening; the servants had been sent out, and the whole family had collected around the hearth. Then my mother began to sing: you've heard her sing, Beaumont: she has a sweet voice, gentle and without artifice. I do not know the name of the song, even; but it was one of those folk-ballads which arose during the time of the Revolution. It described the misfortunes and the suffering of

His Majesty King Louis the Sixteenth; and his death at the guillotine. The tune, I recall, was pensive and sad. When my mother ceased, each person in that room was weeping: not over the private misfortunes every single one of them had suffered, not even over the many relatives every single one of them had lost in the civil wars, and upon the scaffold. No. They were weeping rather over the fate of this man who had died more than fifteen years before. Many of those who were weeping over him had never seen him. But, Beaumont, these were the ladies and gentlemen of France; and this man had been the King of France.

SOUND: THE VOICE AND MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND FADES TO A SILENCE.

No wonder the Count, my father, was somewhat taken aback when I proposed a visit to America to study equality. Equality, he had closely studied himself already: intimately associated with Liberty, and Fraternity.

BEAU: Under the circumstances it was very decent of your family to put up the money for you.

TOC: In these days, no matter what the circumstances, it is always very decent of people to put up money.

BEAU: And yet Equality in America led to no reign of Terror.

TOC: Evidently not. It is strange how the very same principle can lead to such widely differing results. In France, the tyranny of Napoleon was the child of Equality; just as in America, slavery has been the child of Liberty.

SOUND: CHURCH BELLS: HOLD . BG

BEAU: (NEW MOOD) Now they are ringing the church bells, and it cannot be six o'clock yet! How these Americans are full of zeal!

(THEN FADING OFF A LITTLE) And how fortunate they are to

have a fine day in Albany for their celebrations ! Come to the window, Tocqueville, and enjoy the morning ! Throw away your nightcap as I have done; and throw away your gloomy memories with it. Today we are in America, and in America, the only Revolution was a glorius one !

TOC: (STAYING ON MIKE AS HE GOES OVER)

So glorious, in fact, that it was not even a revolution. It was a war of independence.

BEAU: I stand corrected. Look at all the flags. I wonder if it is going to be hot today? I hear there will be processions today and a band. Let us get dressed quickly and go downstairs ! How I long to hear that band !

MUSIC: -- HURRIED DRESSING AND DOWNSTAIRS --

BEAU: Come along, Tocqueville, A little more brandy. You will never be able to stand the strain of an American celebration unless you are first fortified with an American breakfast !

TOD: No, thank you. I'm not hungry; I mean, thirsty.

BEAU: Come, come, Tocqueville, you must bring your mind back from France. This is July the Fourth, not July the Fourteenth; Independence Day, not Bastille Day. We are about to witness the National Celebration of a happy Democracy.

TOC: And how much of this happiness and democracy can we teach to France? Do the two go together? I wish I knew. Beaumont, last year I saw with my own eyes the carriage go by in the rain that took Charles the Tenth into exile: Charles the Tenth, Louis the Sixteenth's own brother: the very last of the Bourbons; the very last of the absolute monarchs. Now we have a constitutional monarch; now we have the beginnings of democracy. Will that make us a happy and contented people, Beaumont?

BEAU: I don't know. What little I have seen if it among the Americans makes me think it certainly suits them. Whether it suits us, well, that is something else again. It depends what we do with it.

TOCK: You may be right. Perhaps it will turn out the democracy by itself is neither the philosopher's stone of politics nor the Brand of Cain. As you say, it may depend on what we do with it.

BEAU: Well, I shall keep an open mind till we have more information. Pass the cold beef.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FLAGG: (COMING ON) Morning gentlemen! Early breakfast, that's the thing!

TOC: Mr. Flagg!

BEAU: What a pleasant surprise!

FLAGG: Nothing like a good breakfast to start a good day.

DEL: Even though I see spirits on the table.

TOC: And Mr. Delavan.

FLAGG: Mr. Tocqueville: Mr. Beaumont: meet the Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York: Edward P. Livingstone.

LIV: Delighted to make the acquaintance of the countrymen of Lafayette.

TOC: Of course. Delighted, sir, to make your acquaintance.

LIV: You must forgive our early intrusion, but Mr. Flagg felt (and I agree) that you must be spoken to at once; before you made other arrangements.

BEAU: Spoken to, sir?

LIV: We are very anxious that you gentlemen will march with us and with various other dignitaries at the head of the procession. Mr. Flagg felt (and I agree) that it would be most fitting.

FLAGG: Hand of friendship between the nations; very fine thing.

LIV: I agree.

TOC: Sir: we should be most honoured. But will not such a thing sadly disturb your table of precedence?

FLAGG: Table of Precedence ! Not here, not over here ! Plague take such a thing ! The nearest we get to a table of precedence is that meeting we had last night in your house, Ned.

LIV: I agree.

FLAGG: We just sat down with half a dozen of the leading citizens and thrashed it all out; where the wagons were to go, where the Fourth of July Orator was to march (I hope you're ready for some long speeches) and that just about settled it.

DEL: How long will y^u be here, Azariah?

FLAGG: Oh, perhaps, half an hour.

DEL: I'll just slip home then and bring back half a dozen or so pamphlets and leave them about the hotel. This outfit wouldn't serve spirits at breakfast if the guests had some of my pictures before their eyes. See you later, gentlemen!

TOC: Remarkable man, Mr. Delavan. Don't you think so, sir?

LIV: Oh, I agree. Publishes all that at his own expense.

FLAGG: He's rich. Fortunes, fortunes. The man's a millionaire. He can afford it. May not look much, but he could buy up any one in Albany half a dozen times over.

BEAU: May I ask how he acquired his fortune?

LIV: What a question ! (FLAGG AND LIVINGSTONE LAUGH)

TOC: Is the question inappropriate; if so, forgive us...

LIV: Not inappropriate, no...

FLAGG: But you'll be surprised at the answer. He made his money in liquor: wines and spirits. Strong drink. Detnon rum. Booze.

LIV: When that man talks about alcohol, he knows what he's talking about. He dealt largely in the wine business; and when he saw

the light (as he now sees it) he began to plough back all the money he made into Temperance works. I'm very happy that you gentlemen met that man. He's one of New York State's principal practical moralists; and we in America, gentlemen, love practical morality.

FLAGG: (SUDDENLY) Ned, we can't wait here. I forgot the militia.

LIV: You're right: we'd better get along and see that they're going to turn out all right.

BEAU: Militia: what is that? To maintain order?

FLAGG: Maintain order? What for? It's just for show. The militia's the national guard. You're aware the Constitution gives every man the right to bear arms? Citizen army: that's the militia. Citizen army.

LIV: Do you not have an army in France?

TOC: Oh indeed, yes; we have an army and an armed police force; several police forces. But we have no such thing as a citizen army. There have been occasions when the army has ruthlessly suppressed the citizens.

BEAU: Happily in the past.

TOC: In the past, yes; but who can look at the City of Paris itself, and see the long straight avenues that Napoleon laid out without being reminded of certain things.

LIV: Of what things?

TOC: That Napoleon laid out the streets in this fashion so that his cannon might more conveniently fire down them upon the citizens of France. Come, Beaumont. You must excuse me, gentlemen. This Independence Day of yours is awakening in my

breast mingled feelings of patriotism and remorse. No doubt I shall feel better when the actual ceremonies begin.

MUSIC: RATHER MELANCHOLY: THEN CHEERING UP

SOUND: PEOPLE TALKING EXCITEDLY IN STREET: THE PROCESSION IS FORMING BG

FLAGG: When everything's ready, we shall be in front: the Lieutenant Governor and you gentlemen and I, and the Chancellor and the Comptroller, and all those people. Then we shall have the Fire Department.

LIV: All of them?

FLAGG: All nine companies.

BEAU: What if there is a fire?

FLAGG: No American house dare burn on the Fourth of July. (SMILING) Fire Department has a new banner; and a miniature engine; very fine. Then the sons of St. Andrews: there they are over there. Then the Association of Printers, and Albany Typographical Society; this is their wagon here, with the gilt bust of Benjamin Franklin. Fine man, that.

LIV: Did a lot of work in France, as a matter of fact.

TOC: So I understand; but why should the printers especially honour him?

LIV: Because old Ben was a printer himself. I see they've got a handpress right there on the wagon. They'll be pulling off copies all through the parade and handing them down to the crowd.

TOC: Copies of what?

FLAGG: Copies of what? (INCREDULITY) Silas: just hand me down one of your sheets, will you? Thank you kindly. There you are, sir; that's what the printers run off during the parade; that's what

it is. Read it: and be proud.

TOC: When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which has connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth...

BEAU: Surely this is the statement of your revolution.

FLAGG: This, gentlemen, is the Declaration of Independence.

TOC: May I have this?

FLAGG: You may carry it with you in the parade, if you like.

TOC: I should very much like to. It seems very appropriate to the day.

FLAGG: Come along, then; we're ready to start; line up, line up. What time do you have, Ned?

LIV: Ten o'clock precisely, Azariah!

FLAGG: Then strike up boys, and let's get started! Let the celebration start!

MUSIC: _ _ _ THE CELEBRATIONS: BREAK OFF SEGUE TO PENSIVE THEME AND _ _ _ _ _
FOR TOC. HOLD BG.

TOC: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends on themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: _ _ _ FINALE _ _ _

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: NUMBER SEVEN

TOC: Albany, July the Fourth, 1831: What struck me most about the day was the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the Methodist Church; that was really a fine spectacle: a profound silence reigned in the meeting. This was not, I assure you, a theatrical performance. There was in the reading of these promises of independence so well kept, in this return of an entire people toward the memories of its birth, in this union of the present generation to that which is no longer, sharing for the moment all its generous passions, there was in all that something deeply felt and truly great.

MUSIC: NOBLE AS BEFITS THE OCCASION: DOWN TO BG FOR OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

ANNOUNCER: OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

MUSIC: UP AND OUT WITH AN AIR OF BUSTLE AND EXPECTANCY.

SOUND: CHATTER OF VOICES: THE PARADE IS GETTING READY.

FLAGG: Now then, where's the Lieutenant Governor?

LIVINGSTONE: Here I am, Azariah!

FLAGG: Good for you. And where are our two distinguished visitors from France?

TOC: Do you mean us, Mr. Flagg?

FLAGG: Certainly I mean you, Mr. Tocqueville; you and Mr. Beaumont.

LIV: Now then, Ned!

LIV: Yes, Azariah?

FLAGG: What time do you have now?

LIV: Five and twenty of ten.

BEAUMONT: What time does the procession start?

LIV: Ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Beaumont: with any luck, and if they can get all the wagons and floats ready in time.

FLAGG: Step over this way, gentlemen, and take a look at the Printer float.
(SLIGHTLY OFF)

TOG: We should be very glad to. Come, Beaumont.

SOUND: BRING UP CROWD NOISES FOR A MOMENT: THEN DOWN TO VERY LOW BG.

FLAGG: Here, gentlemen; look, look at all this.

BEAU: How splendid. How superb. But what does it all mean?

FLAGG: Mean? Well, I know what some of it means; but the master printers can tell you what it all means. Here now, here's your chance; distinguished visitors from France, come to see America. Tell them what all this means.

PRINTER: Well, this, like, is the wagon of the Association of Printers and Albany Typographical Society. At the front end, we got a gilt bust of Benjamin Franklin. I guess you should know him all right.

TOG: No doubt we should, but I am not sure...

BEAU: He was one of the Fathers of Independence.

PRINTER: Certainly was; and he spent a lot of time in France.

TOG: In France? For what purpose?

PRINTER: Why do people go anywhere? To try and get hold of some money, I guess. And get some help. I guess you boys know General Lafayette?

TOG: We have met him: though he is not one of our circle. He has given us some letters of introduction to American gentlemen.

BEAU: One to your author Mr. Fenimore Cooper: and there are others.

TOC: But while recognizing that Franklin was a great man, who do you choose to carry his bust on the printer's wagon?

PRINTER: Because he was a printer himself; that's why. In this country, men can rise to greatness and still be proud of their old trades. Old Ben became a great man; but he was still a printer trained; and lies buried at this instant beneath a printer's epitaph. Now here, we have a little hand press; and while the procession's moving along, we'll be pulling impressions off this, and handing them out to the people in the streets.

TOC: Impressions of what?

FLAGG: Impressions of what? Come, Mr. Tocqueville; what do you think? Here: take one; have a look.

TOC: "When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth... Why this is the Declaration of Independence.

PRINTER: Right you are, sir.

TOC: May I have this? I should like to carry it with me in the procession. I feel it would be most suitable.

BEAUMONT: Most suitable; and of course we should like to peruse it at our leisure.

PRINTER: You're welcome to it. Now, in the center of the wagon you'll observe we have a flag-staff set up, with the flags of various nations. The U.S. Colors, of course.

BEAUMONT: And those of France.

TOC: And Belgium. And what is the other one?

FLAGG: That will be the flag of Poland, sir; gallant country; very brave. Keen interest here in Polish independence.

PRINTER: That's the truth. There's a keen interest here in countries that are, like, well, fond of liberty themselves; or fighting for liberty or anything of that kind. We reckon we're showing the way to the world here in America; and we all take a mighty strong interest in any one who wants to follow along the same path.

TOC: Indeed, I have observed that your countrymen are always very anxious to extend to others any benefits which they feel they have acquired themselves.

FLAGG: Well, we know we're right; why not say so? No call for you to fret, gentlemen. Your flag's there; France has overthrown her tyrants.

TOC: Has she? I do not think that the American Revolution and the French Revolution are truly comparable; certainly not if you judge them by their fruits. But what is this beautiful banner you have flying over the whole wagon. It seems a mass of allegorical figures.

PRINTER: It's a pretty fine piece of work, all right.

FLAGG: Not local work, is it?

PRINTER: No, Mr. Flag; that was very kindly sent up from New York by the association of morning and evening journals. The object in the middle is of course a printing press. It's a Clymer press, if you're interested in such things. The bird flying over is...

BEAU: The American eagle.

PRINTER: Good for you.

TOC: Who is he carrying in his claws? It looks like a bust.

PRINTER: It is a bust.

BEAU: Of Benjamine Franklin again?

PRINTER: Good for you a second time! Now you gentlemen being French, I shan't have to tell you what the scroll says in the bird's mouth.

TOC: Verite sans Peur: Truth without Fear. A very noble sentiment. And very appropriate.

BEAU: But who are the figures that support all this splendour?

PRINTER: On the right, the Goddess of Liberty, supporting the American flag:

TOC: Again very appropriate.

PRINTER: And on the left, the figure of a slave bound in chains. You'll observe the slave has burst the shackles on one arm, and is reaching, like, towards the press: for emancipation. That's where it'll come from, you know. And behind, there's a crown reversed and a broken sceptre. All pretty much to the point when you know where it's supposed to be heading.

BEAU: Truly, gentlemen, an imposing and animating spectacle.

FLAGG: I'm sorry you aren't going to have time to chat any longer; I want you to come with me; this way; this way.

TOC: But I wish to make some notes...

FLAGG: This'll give you something worth noting, Mr. Tocqueville. Near the head of the procession, we have a carriage with the Veterans of the War of Independence. There are very few left now; after all, it's fifty five years ago; But there's one old fellow

that's very spry; very spry considering; very well-preserved. He's the man you should see before the procession starts. He'll be too tired when it ends; and may have drunk a great many toasts into the bargain if you take my meaning. Old soldiers, you know; military reunions. Let's catch him now.

MUSIC:

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SIX: EAGER AND EXCITED: DROPPING FOR
A BG FOR TOCQUEVILLE.

TOC:

Mr. Flagg hurried us past the other groups that were forming for the parade; the Mechanics Benfit Society; the Carpenter's Architectural and Benevolent Association, the Association of Carmen, all in snow white frocks, tied at the neck and waist with green ribbons. I could not help reflecting, as we walked along how unlike France this country had become. All around, we saw change; all around we saw the evidences of equality; even the absence of central power and yet at the same time, we saw stability such as we do not enjoy in France. The American Revolution produced a Washington, not a Napoleon. It had no reign of Terror; and General Washington was followed not by counter-revolutions; and plots within plots, but by an orderly succession of constitutional presidents. How strange, I thought, are the affairs of men that on one side of the Atlantic, there is pessimism and gloom; and on the other optimism, and confidence. Whether pessimism, or optimism was the right choice lies, of course in the hands of time; and of the people of the earth. Such were my thoughts, as we reached the place where an old gentleman was sunning himself beside his carriage, waiting for the procession to start.

MUSIC: OUT AS TOCQUEVILLE FINISHES.

FLAGG: (BOARD FADE ON) ...and these gentlemen are from France to study whatever we might have to offer.

TOC: It is an honour, sir, to meet a survivor of the armies of the American Revolution.

VET: No such thing.

BEAU: I beg your pardon?

VET: No such thing. It wasn't a Revolution. That's what the British called it. We called it by its right name. War of Independence.

TOC: I stand corrected; and only the other day I corrected my friend, Mr. Beaumont for the same error.

BEAU: Did you see General Washington?

VET: I surely did. I was a drummer boy in the retreat across New Jersey. That was a cold campaign, that was; December. We all thought the game was about up then. Later on we heard the General about thought so too; was writing dismal letters to his friends about it. You heard of Tom Paine?

BEAU: Tom Paine? The infidel?

VET: I don't know whether he was an infidel; never got to ask him. I know he was all for an independent America; and I know General Washington thought a lot of him; course, he was a friend of his. Right in the middle of that New Jersey campaign, when we were all cold and sick and miserable, the General paraded us by regiments. We hoped we were

going to get an issue of rations, or powder, or something we could have used; but what we got was something written by this Tom Paine read out to us,

FLAGG: Very famous passage. These Are the Times that Try Men's Souls.

VET: We knew that without some scribbler telling us so.

BEAU: No doubt he was trying to put heart into you. You have heard of our great general Napoleon. He was always addressing his troops, to put heart in them.

VET: Got beat in the end, though, didn't he?

TOC: He did; but he knew that armies did not run on speeches. An army, he once said, marches on its stomach.

VET: Well, the General knew that too. He was the greatest man the world has ever produced.

FLAGG: And he served only two terms as President: then he went back to Mount Vernon and lived as a private gentleman.

SOUND: DISTANT FIRECRACKERS

VET: There they go with some more of those confounded firecrackers. I hate the things. I'd rather be back in the retreat across New Jersey than listen to those infernal contraptions. Every Fourth of July this place is like a town under siege. One damn fool after another firing off muskets from the front door, and pistols from the window. Rockets come whizzing into your bedroom; blazing grasshoppers jump at you on the sidewalk; I'm scared to death the horses are going to bolt, and all us veterans'll be killed at one go. When we fought the War, we

never reckoned that for the rest of our lives every living soul from the senator to the chimney sweep'd let off his patriotism in gunpowder,

FLAGG: Five minutes of ten. Time to be moving along, gentlemen. You'll be walking near the head of the procession with the Lieutenant Governor and myself. Just one thing before we go; look at that!

BEAU: An old flag; torn and scarred.

FLAGG: Those holes were made by bullets.

VET: Some of them certainly were; that's a flag that's come down from the War of Independence. You have no idea, gentlemen, what it's like to overthrow a tyranny.

MUSIC: UP A PROUD PHRASE: THEN PENSIVE BG FOR TOCQUEVILLE

TOC: I could have told him that in France we had had too much experience of overthrowing tyrannies; but why should I worry him with the dark thoughts that preyed on my mind? In America, these old soldiers who fought with Washington are themselves looked on as precious relics, and whom all the citizens delight to honour.

And at ten o'clock sharp, a band struck up and the procession moved away, with Beaumont and myself marching proudly near the head!

MUSIC: BAND STRIKES UP: GREAT-CHEERS: MANY FIRECRACKERS: AND AWAY WE GO. AFTER TUNE WELL-ESTABLISHED DROP TO BG FOR DIALOGUE. KEEP IN CHEERS AND ODD FIRECRACKERS VERY MUCH BG.

BEAUMONT: So here we are, Tocqueville, marching in the Fourth of July parade in Albany.

TOC: I find it a very strange experience.

BEAU: I hear we are on our way to the Methodist church for what the Americans call "the exercises".

FLAGG: I hope you notice the militia, Mr. Tocqueville, Fine body of men. National guard of the country.

BEAU: (SOTTO) In a country where there is no military spirit.

FLAGG: I beg your pardon, Mr. Beaumont?

MUSIC: OUT BY ABOUT HERE. CONTINUE PERHAPS WITH DRUM TAPS VERY BG

BEAU: Plenty of spirit.

FLAGG: Oh yes. Your Napoleon would have been surprised to see these men, I believe.

TOC: I believe he would.

FLAGG: We swing around here on to North Pearl Street. Look behind you in a moment; gentleman marching behind.

TOC: (PAUSE) Oh yes. The preoccupied looking gentleman?

FLAGG: That's the one. Mr. John B. Van Schaik; leading lawyer in town. He's the Independence Day Orator. I believe he has some telling remarks prepared on the Independence of the Poles; and also on this little revolution of yours last July.

TOC: Last July? Ah yes, the July Revolution. (THOUGHTFULLY) The July Revolution. Do you remember, Beaumont, our talk after last July?

MUSIC: A SOLEMN GLOOMY PHRASE TO CHANGE THE MOOD. SEGUE TO PIANO AS SOUND EFFECT.

SOUND: DISTANT PIANO PLAYING PLAISIR D'AMOUR: HOLD UNDER AS BG AND
LOSE AFTER FEW LINES.

TOC: We are resolved, then, Beaumont?

BEAUMONT: Absolutely resolved.

TOC: I have already explained to my father that my position as a magistrate of France has been rendered intolerable by the July Revolution. With Charles the Tenth replaced by Louis Phillipe, there is very little place for my services; it is well known that I am a supporter of the Bourbons.

BEAU: To say nothing of our being required to take the oath of allegiance twice: that was nothing but a deliberate insult.

TOC: My friends are sufficiently outraged at my having taken the oath once. Louis de Kergolay . . . you know him?

BEAU: Slightly.

TOC: He wrote me a most stinging letter referring to the incorruptible Malesherbes (who was an ancestor of mine). The pages were peppered with "dishonour", "perjury", "traitor", "cupidity", "subterfuge", "degradation". I fear I replied to him as hotly.

BEAU: Well, this is the work of the July Revolution. The bourbons may have gone: but fathers and sons have become enemies over them. Brother's hand is set against brother; and all for the cause of the banished Bourbons.

TOC: In other words, our position in France has become intolerable. This trip to America will form a sort of voluntary exile.

BEAU: If they will give us permission.

TOC: Why should they not? We are paying our own expenses.

BEAU: To study the American prisons; well, that is a legitimate occupation for a pair of young magistrates.

TOC: It is notorious even to the Government that American prisons are the best in the world.

BEAU: Certainly by the time we return, conditions may be different. I must admit, that I am not devoid of ambition.

TOC: Nor I.

BEAU: And many a man has overcome adverse circumstances by attaching his name to some really solid piece of work.

TOC: If the work is anything like as solid as it is my intention to make it, your ambitions, Beaumont, will be amply fulfilled. I am already making myself little pocket sized notebooks. It is my intention to write down everything.

BEAU: Everything?

TOC: Yes. I think we have more to learn from America than information about prisons. I think that America may be foreshadowing France.

BEAU: In what way?

TOC: In the principle of equality. The world is full of it today. We may like it; or we may not like it. I do not think we can avoid it. All moves are towards a more democratic form of government. Look at Louis Phillipe;

BEAU: He is a monarch; is that democracy?

TOC: He is a middle-class monarch. It is a step towards democracy. All over France, responsible men are discussing these ideas. I intend to find out what they are like in practice. It may be that in America, we can get a glimpse of the destiny of France.

BEAU: If they let us go.

TOC: If they let us go. And if they do let us go: one thing. You must control your habit of contradiction; and so must I. We must appear before the Americans as neutral; calm; and above all in perfect agreement.

BEAU: Very well then. I take a solemn vow never to contradict you in public

on American soil.

TOC: And I reciprocate that vow. If only they let us go.

BEAU: I wonder what it will be like. Even this deomocracy of theirs was based on a revolution. I wonder if it was anything like ours; and if it is still remembered.

TOC: And if so, with what emotions.

MUSIC: BACK TO THE JULY THE FOURTH CELEBRATIONS.

SOUND: CROWD SETTLING DOWN IN HALL.

FLAGG: (SOTTO) The exercises will begin with a prayer from one of the Protestant ministers.

BEAU: (SOTTO) What did he say?

TOC: (SOTTO) They will begin with a prayer. I notice they begin everything with a prayer.

BEAU: (SOTTO) Probably things don't go any the worse for it.

MINISTER: Let us pray. Almighty God, the fountainhead and origin of human liberties here on earth: the foundation and the buttress of all just Governments, we thank thee for having preserved our nation for yet another year; and we humbly beg that thou wilt continue to diffuse upon this country and the inhabitants thereof the light of thy countenance. We pray further that the liberties and freedom so dearly won by our forefathers will be maintained, under thy guidance and extended to thy glory, not only within our own nation, but to the other nations of the earth, and especially we pray at this time for the people - of Poland. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord: Amen.

ALL: Amen.

LIV: Judge Waterton will commence the exercises by reading the Declaration of Independence.

CROWD:

SETTLE THEMSELVES AND PREPARE TO LISTEN.

JUDGE: (WITH WARMTH
AND DIGNITY)

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness: That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the Governed: That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. (FADE UNDER TOCQUEVILLE WITH:) Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer . . .

BEAUMONT: (TURNING THE DAYS EVENTS OVER IN HIS MIND)

Of all the events which occurred, I was most impressed first with the honour and respect accorded to the veterans of the War, and secondly with the reading of the Declaration of

Independence itself, which was done with warmth and dignity. It was really a fine spectacle. A profound silence reigned in the meeting. When in its eloquent plea Congress reviewed the injustices and the tyranny of England we heard a murmur of indignation and anger circulate about us in the auditorium. When it appealed to the justice of its cause and expressed the generous resolution to succumb or free America, it seemed that an electric current made the hearts vibrate. . This was not, I assure you, a theatrical performance. There was in the reading of these promises of independence so well kept, in this return of an entire people towards the memories of its birth, in this union of the present generation to that which is no longer, sharing for the moment all its generous passions, there was in all that something deeply felt and truly great.

JUDGE: (DURING THE LAST FEW LINES OF BEAUMONT'S THOUGHTS BRING HIM BACK EG WIT':

We therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, (JUDGE SHOULD BE CLEARLY AUDIBLE BY NOW) That these United Colonies are, and of Right out to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved: and that as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may

of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honour.

(NOTE: THE EXACT LENGTH OF THE CLOSING PART THAT WE HEAR BY ITSELF SHOULD BE SET BY THE PACING OF THE SCENE).

CROWD: AFTER THE ADDRESS IS CONCLUDED MAKES THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.
THIS MAY WELL NOT BE APPLAUSE.

LIV: The Fourth of July Oration will now be delivered by our silver tongued Fourth of July Orator, Mr. John B. Van Schaik, of this city.

VAN SCHAIK:
(REALLY SILVER-
TONGUED)

Fellow Americans! How can a man, be his intentions never so good, be his heart never generous, be his willingness and ability to engage in the juxtaposition, always under the rule of art, how can such a person, I say at this time, and do most confidently, and without fear of contradiction assert it, how can a man like myself, or it may be, like yourselves, like you who set before me on this July day, how can such a person express what I can only characterise as the inexpressible; namely the rich and powerful sentiments that exsufflicate and suffuse the breast, bring tears of pride and rapture to the manly eye, and invade the furthest and most remote faculties of understanding with feelings of pride, notunmixed with gratitude, nor yet unmingled with joy and above all with patriotism. Consider first of all, ancient Egypt. O my fellow Americans, how readily does Ancient Egypt spring to the tongues, the hearts, and the eyes of every one of us (BEGIN TO FADE WHEN HE MENTIONS EGYPT) here today in this very different place at

at this very different time The Egyptians, and by the Egyptians you will, I am sure take me to mean, as I intend, the ancient Egyptians; those dwellers in the land of Egypt, as they are so eloquently alluded to in the Holy Scriptures....

BEAU: (WHEN ORATOR
BEGINS TO FADE)

They should have stopped with the reading of that noble Declaration; but no! No sooner was it concluded than a lawyer stepped up to make us a long rhetorical harangue in which he pompously passed the entire universe in review to get to the United States which, in all respects, he made the center of the world. This had all the appearance of a farce; though, of course, we see such things in France at the funerals of our great men. I came out cursing the orator whose flow of words and stupid national pride had succeeded in destroying a part of the profound impression that the rest of the spectacle had made on me. But before we left the proceedings ended with an ode of liberty, set to the tune of our Marseillaise, and accompanied by an orchestra which consisted, I assure you on my word of honour, of nothing whatever but one single flute!

LIV:

Let us all sing the Progress of Liberty.

MUSIC:

ONE FLUTE INTRO TO MARSEILLAISE: ACCOMPANIES THROUGHOUT.

ALL: (TUNE:
MARSEILLAISE)

In this proud land, where freemen cherish
Untrammell'd thought and action free,
Where tyranny but breathes to perish,
Thy chosen home must ever be:
Hence O'er the world thy light is streaming,

And radiating every land,
 Cheering every heart, nerving each hand,
 The West, the east, mankind redeeming.
 Then onward by thy way,
 Unstay'd they progress be,
 Empires and thrones shall own they sway
 Triumphant Liberty.

MUSIC: FLUTE FINISHES IT OFF: ORCHESTRA FINISHES OFF FLUTE. ,

SEQUE TO NIGHT MOOD

SOUND: NIGHT NOISES: FROGS

BEAU: Well, Tocqueville what did you make of our day?

TOC: For me, a day of contrasts. I saw and heard America; but I thought of France. It was a strange irony that these two lines of thought should have intersected at last in that peculiar ode to American Liberty that they sang to the Marseillaise.

BEAU: And think of all those toasts; the symbolic thirteen toasts; to Washington; to Lafayette.

TOC: And the thirteenth: The Fair Sex: always entitled to our protection.

BEAU: So far so good; but surely the voluntary toasts were the most peculiar; when the most directly opposed political sentiments were solemnly proposed in perfect and rapid succession.

TOC: That was simply because on Independence Day, all shades of political opinion unite in praising the Union.

BEAU: But how does that account for them toasting the memory of Percy Bysshe Shelly; who is he, anyway?

TOC: An English poet, I believe. They regarded him as a democrat.

BEAU: Was he?

TOC: I don't know. In years to come they may be toasting us.

BEAU: Well, I am going in now. Tomorrow we leave for the frontier, eh? The truly wild America; remote; savage; unsettled. The Great Lakes themselves. I need sleep to face it.

TOC: I shall be along soon. I am still trying to compose my thoughts after the stimulation they have received from the sacred day of the nation of equality. What are we to make of it all?

MUSIC: ENTERS QUIETLY: ESTABLISH THEN BG.

TOC: The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.

MUSIC: UP TO FINALE.